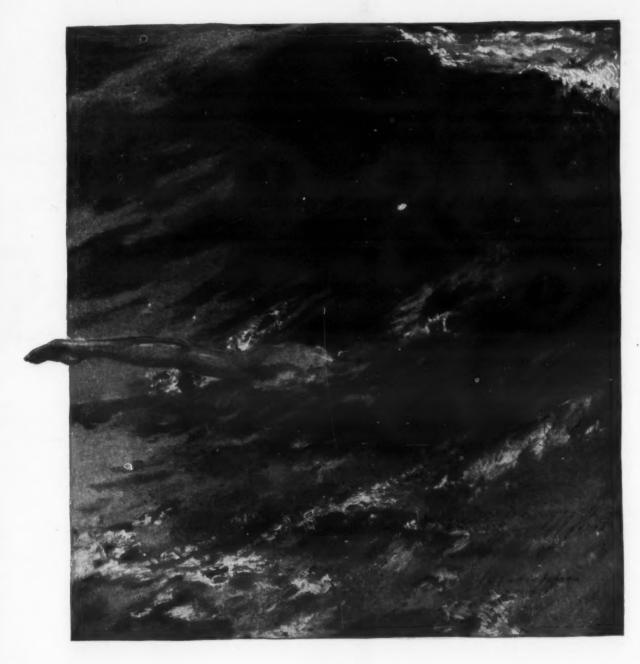
SEP -6 1912

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The Sea



Meeting home folks in the family album and coming face-to-face with the tidy red Prince Albert portraits is pretty much the same thing-kind of makes you feel like you were in the hands of your friends!

Easiest thing ever for you and P. A. to call each other by your first names, because P. A. simply won't broil your tongue or parch or singe your throat, whether you smoke it in a jimmy pipe or roll up a cigarette. Sting's removed by a patented process! Sure is tobacco in a class by itself!

PRINCE ALBERT

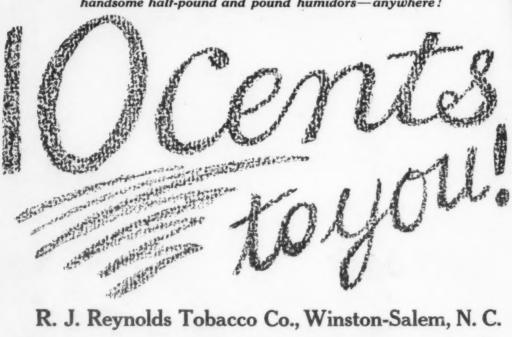
the national joy smoke

is the pick of most men of America who smoke, because it's regular human, man-tobacco with the good all left in and the bite left out!

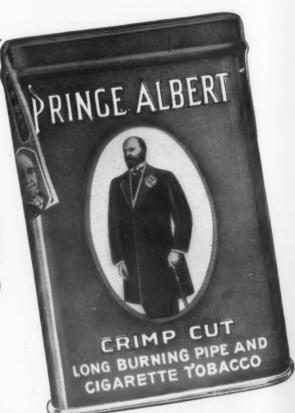
As a cigarette it's doctor's orders for what ails you! You never did get such a cool, delicious, long-burning smoke. Not chaff, not dust, not a fire-brand, but sweet, delicious tobacco that tastes as good as it smells!

Just as sure as the little apples grow on trees you're going to get P. A. joy'us. Can't help yourself! Get a flying start, now-if you've got red blood a-speedin' through your veins —for the goin's simply great!

Buy P. A. in 5c toppy red cloth bags; 10c tidy red tins; handsome half-pound and pound humidors—anywhere!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.





N motor car manufacturing, there are so many opportunities for the substitution of inferior material and workmanship, so many ways that a high grade construction may be imitated at a much less cost, that it behooves the buyer to demand specifications of sufficient minuteness to enable him to become thoroughly acquainted with the structural parts of the car.

of the car.

It is for this reason that we are describing the construction of Abbott-Detroit cars in such an exact and detailed manner; feeling that a thorough acquaintance with their many points of superiority will entirely justify our statements that Abbott-Detroit cars are cars of quality, "Built for Permanence" and consistently "Guaranteed for Life."

CONTINENTAL MOTORS.

The motors used in Abbott-Detroit cars are the latest, long stroke type, manufactured under our personal supervision by the Continental Motor Manufacturing Company, acknowledged to be the best designers and builders of automobile

be the best designers and builders of automobile engines in business today.

If you will compare the refined simplicity of these Abbott-Detroit motors with those of power plants in higher priced cars, you will find that in every particular they are up-to-date, as well designed and as well finished as those in cars costing three times as much; and beyond doubt, the quietest running. They have large enclosed valves, inlet and exhaust pipes of simple direct form, allowing a free passage of gas in and out of the combustion chamber.

in and out of the combustion chamber.

The cylinders of the 44-50 are cast in pairs and have a bore of 4½" and a stroke of 5½".

The cylinders of the 34-40 are cast enbloc and have a bore of 4½" and a stroke of 5½".

SPECIAL IRON USED.

They are made of a special grade of reverberatory air furnace iron, very uniform in structure. This iron has a tensile strength of 30,000 pounds, whereas that of the ordinary iron used in cylinders, has a tensile strength of about 16,000 pounds—note this difference.

The two weakest points in cylinder construction—the cylinder head and the base flange—receive careful attention and are unusually strong.

strong.

Some motor car builders try to save money

by making these parts light.

Every cylinder water jacket is tested under a hydrostatic pressure of 60 pounds after they have been machined, in order to make sure that there is no leakage or defect in the material

ALUMINUM CRANK CASES.

ALUMINUM CRANK CASES.

The crank cases are made of the very best grade of nickel aluminum alloy having a tensile strength of 20,000 pounds per square inch; considerably more than that of the ordinary aluminum alloy used. Some manufacturers in order to save money, make these cases of cast iron and paint them with a so-called aluminum paint which gives them much the same appearance as an aluminum casting.

While this is much cheaper from the manu-

"The demand of the day is that an organiza-tion shall be judged by its product and not by what it claims for itself."

Abbott-Detroit advertising for 1913 will be printed in serial form.
This is the third of the series. The fourth will appear in the Saturday Evening Post, October 19th; Collier's, October 5th; Life, October 24th; Literary Digest, October 12th.

Copies of previous advertisements sent on request.

facturer's standpoint, it is far from desirable, because cast iron is approximately three times heavier than aluminum and furthermore, is not as ductile, and it is far more liable to crack.

We bring out this point to again call your attention to the ways in which competitive concerns seek to meet our prices at the expense of quality and the owner's subsequent comfort.

Abbott-Detroit Electric Self-Starter

All 1913 Abbott-Detroit cars are equipped with our own specially designed, self-contained electric self-starter. Connected to crank shaft with independent train of gears. When gasolne motor starts, over-running clutch releases gears and they remain idle while gasoline motor is running.

Not an experiment—not an attempted combination of ignition, lighting and starting, but a real, dependable one, built as a part of the engine, included as regular equipment.

equipment. Visit our Sales rooms and have its operation explained.

ACCESSIBILITY.

For the sake of accessibility, so that the main bearings and connecting rod bearings may be easily examined or adjusted, we divide the crank case into two parts, the upper carrying the crankshaft bearings and the lower forming an

crankshaft bearings and the lower forming an oil reservoir.

Some competing makers use a less costly design known as the barrel type, a very impractical form which makes bearing adjustment difficult; it being necessary to tear down the complete motor in order to accomplish this object.

VALVES.

VALVES.

A great deal of attention has been given to the design of valves. Both the inlet and exhaust valves are interchangeable.

They have nickel steel heads and electrically welded carbon steel stems.

The reason for this is that we have found that ordinary carbon steel is not suitable for the valve head on account of "pittings" which, of course, produces badly seating valves and a consequent loss of horse power.

The valve push rods are of chrome nickel steel, which for hardened purposes is much better than that of the other kinds used. The surface does not wear easily.

Built for Permanen Guaranteed for Life All the moving parts are covered by removable metal plates, which not only keep the interior free from dust, but make the motor run more quietly.

Inasmuch as many motor troubles arise from faulty valves, you can see the necessity of a properly designed and constructed valve mechanism.

Here again, note that these points of Abbott-Detroit superiority are not evident on the surface.

THE PISTONS.

THE PISTONS.

The pistons are cast from the same grade of cast iron as that used for the cylinder.

They are of extra length and accurately ground to a perfect sliding fit.

Each piston has four diagonally cut eccentric expansion rings and five oil grooves turned on the outside for the purpose of distributing oil in the cylinder.

All four pistons are carefully weighted and balanced to within ½ of an ounce of each other in order to produce a well balanced and silently running motor.

running motor.

The piston pins are made of chrome nickel steel tubing, carbonized and accurately ground to correct size.

The connecting rods made of .40 carbon steel, the same as the crank shaft, are double heat-treated to insure great stiffness.

THE CRANK SHAFTS.

THE CRANK SHAFTS.

The crank shafts are made of .40 carbon steel case-hardened to 1/32 of an inch.

This metal has a tensile strength of 90,000 pounds per square inch.

The shaft is supported on three main bearings of exceptionally large size. These three main bearings and the four crank pin bearings are so carefully cut and scraped that the crank shaft may be easily spun by the pressure of thumb and first finger.

Attached to the end of the shaft by six large bolts is a very accurately balanced fly wheel.

While we realize that some of the information which we have given you in this advertisement is of a technical nature, yet we feel it will give you a new basis upon which to make comparisons and will go a long way toward making you an expert and posted purchaser.

In the following advertisements all the parts of the cars will be considered and discussed in detail.

We therefore urge you to follow this series carefully.

Models and Prices

Models and Prices

34-40 Fore-Door Roadster, 116-inch wheel base \$1700 34-40 5-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car. 116-inch wheel base
44-50 5-Passenger, Fore-Door Demi-Tonneau, 121-inch wheel base
\$1975

44-50 7-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, 121-inch wheel base \$2000

44-50 Battleship Roadster.
121-inch wheel base
44-50 7-Passenger, Fore-Door Limousine, 121-inch wheel base
\$3050

Advance catalog on request.

ABBOTT MOTOR COMPANY 602 Waterloo Street Detroit, Michigan

TO THE TENTE

THE KIND OF PIPEFUL ONE DREAMS OF

Widely Popular "Edgeworth" Tob Now Made Ready-Rubbed, is a Desire Fulfilled.

HOW a pipeful of "Edgeworth"
Tobacco does gratify a longfelt longing for a "real good smoke"
—for the man who's never tasted it. It's such a smoke as you've always wanted, but have begun to fear you'd never get.

Get a package. Plug Slice or READY-RUBBED—all ready to fill your pipe. When you light up and puff away, a smile is simply bound to creep over your face, a look of contentment to come into your eyes. It'll be your dream-smoke come true. How sure this is, any smoker of "Edgeworth" (and his name is legion) will tell you gladly.

Smoking Tobacco, 10c
"Edgeworth" Tobacco is the finest
Burley-leaf the ground can yield. There's
never a bite for the tongue. The aroma
is as inviting as a man could find. And
after your first "Edgeworth" pipeful, you
live in pleasing anticipation of your next
smoke.

You who swear by "Edgeworth"—tell your friends to try it now. And you who know it not—it's time to get acquainted.

We're so sure of 'Edgeworth' that we GUAR-ANTEE it—and will refund the purchase price if you're dissatisfied. READY-RUBBED in 10c tins, everywhere, and in \$1.00 Humidor packages. Plug Slice, 15c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Mailed prepaid if your dealer has none.

"The Pipe's Own Story," No. 1-Free

Just published—a most fascinating story, told a Pipe itself—the first of a series of 'Pipe les.' It's a booklet every smoker will enjoy ou will want the whole series. Write us today. "The Pipe's Own Story," No. I, and we'll ail it to you free of charge.

LARUS & BROTHER CO.

to manufacturers of Qboid Granulated Plug Smoking Tobacco. 3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Mr. Auto Owner Aren't you sick and tired of paying garage bills?



Pruden System FIRE-PROOF GARAGES

MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y. BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 87

THIRTEEN years ago a manufacturer of prepared soups made 480 cans a week.

At that time most of the prepared soups cost the public 25 and 35 cents a can.

Today their factory has a capacity of 1,500,000 cans a day

and you pay 10 cents a can!

Bear in mind that in these thirteen years the cost of practically everything about the making of these soups has increased—foodstuffs, cans, labor, etc. even two or three hundred per cent, in some

And there has been no depreciation of quality. Instead, the quality has been bettered greatly, and at great expense, the firm even going so far as to have its own pure-food department, and even its own agricultural experiment station to educate the farmers whose products they buy.

How then can they do it?

Because there is a tremendous cutting down of production cost per can in making 1,500,000 cans a day instead of 80

and because the cost of marketing each can costs them—and you—far less.

Advertising—reaching 11,000,000 readers through the magazines alone—has been a big force in making this business great

and in making it possible for you to buy today a can of good soup at 10 cents instead of 25 or 35 cents.

> E. C. Satterson. Manager Advertising Department

n WHITE TOWN CARS the advantages of the WHITE electrical starting and lighting system, together with the logical left-side drive -- an exclusive WHITE combination is more apparent than ever before. To the woman who drives, the COUPÉ with the flexible speed



LIMOUSINE, a folding partition behind the driving seat allows the owner. when he chooses to operate his car, to remain in the same luxurious interior with his family and quests. TWHITE TOWN CARS are beautifully finished and appointed to the last detail, and are the choice of motor coach connoisseurs everywhere. The White Company -- Cleveland.



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30 Days' Free Trial We Pay the Freight # 1

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\$1 a Week or \$5 a Month

Sold direct from the maker to you.

now for our beautiful Free Catalog which ight styles of Meister Pinnos.
sources exceed \$4,000,000. We sell more pianothe bane than any other beautiful for the bone than any other banes.

Rothschild & Company



А Нарру Marriage

Every man and rticularly those on matrimony,

Enowledge a Young Man Should Have.

Knowledge a Young Hasband Should Have.

Knowledge a Father Should Have.

Knowledge a Father Should Have.

Knowledge a Father Should Have.

Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.

Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.

Knowledge a Mother Should Have.

Il in One Velloger.

All in One Volume, Illustrated, \$2, Postpaid

PURITAN PUB. CO., 774 Perry Bldg., PHILA.,PA.



🏞 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

ait, freight pr DO NOT BUY

ONE CENT

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. R-54, CHICAGO

Honest Man or Woman Wanted

Ira B. Robinson, Adv. Manager, 352 Doty Bldg., Boston, Mass

Roosevelt's Best Photo RAYMOND STUDIO, 3968 Vincennes Ave., Chica

\$500.000,000 A YEAR

is the estimated com-# bined revenue of Farm Journal subscribers, figured on the accepted basis of \$664. per year # # per farmer's family.

They buy everything from a post-card to an automobile.

Think what it would mean to your business in increased sales to place your goods before this enormously rich audience every month.

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on, Mass.

Is there any other way for you to reach so many possible buyers with so little effort and at such small cost?

Wilmer Atkinson Company Publishers FARM JOURNAL Philadelphia

We Need Salesmen

If you wish to sell a safe, reliable investment; to work for a strong corporation, composed mainly of Philadelphia and New Jersey bankers; to sell an investment that is conservative and non-speculative; if you can get responsible people to certify to your good character and ability, we need you. We pay the highest commissions and give exclusive territory to men who are willing to work hard.

Railroads are opening to development thousands of square miles of prairies, mountains, forests, mineral, agricultural and grazing lands in the Northwest—bringing into existence thousands of hamlets and villages. Hundreds of these will become cities—some of them Omahas, Denvers, Seattles.

We own choice building lots in seventeen of the most carefully selected and rapidly growing of these young cities—birthright towns, "preferred risks." Our agents sell five building lots—one in each of five of these prospective great cities (one in each of five different states, if desired) for a claid of \$725, on easy monthly payments. This is the safest possible investment—insurance!

We give highest banking references. Our plan appeals only to conservative in-vestors of small means. Write us, giving references

NORTHWEST TOWNSITE CO. 308 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AROUND Next departures for the grand Tour de Luxe Around the World, 41st Annual Series. Westbound from San Francisco.
Sept. 27th; eastbound from New York Nov.
2. 26, Jan. 4; southbound, including South Africa, New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia, etc., from New York Oct. 30. Send for illustrated Program 8.

THOS. COOK & SON
45 Broadway, 264 5th Avenue, NEW YORK
Cook's Travellers' Cheques Good Everywhere.

WASHINGTON, D.C.



HOTEL DRISCOLL New, modern. Facing U. S. Cap and park. Near Union Station points of interest. Free baths. M is a feature. American, \$2.50. E. pean, \$1.00. Booklet. Ask Colli Traval Bureau.

7 THE NATIONAL SEPTEMBER 7, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME XLIX F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED, PUBLISHERS

CHARLES E. MINER, Secretary JOHN F. OLTROGGE, Treasure

416 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET. NEW YORK CITY

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The Sea. Cover Design . . . Drawn by J. H. Gardner Soper Desperate Situation of Two Bold Buccaneers . Cartoon by Rollin Kirby News Photographs Comment on Congress Mark Sullivan 13 To the Top of Colima Arthur Ruhl 14 Charles L. Goodell Peter Clark Macfarlane 16 The Long Chance. Story Annesley Burrowes 18 Richard Fisguill 20 22 The Fall of the Young Turkish Party . . Rev. J. H. House, D.D.

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"If It's An Inter-State-You've Bought the Best"

From all over the country comes the cry-"Give us a motor car that can be operated without discomfort"
The answer is,—"THE INTER-STATE"

Electrically started and lighted, the Inter-State at once rises high above the cars that still enforce the distasteful "hand-cranking" and "safety-match-illumination."

The very presence of this efficient electric starter on the Inter-State is proof of the maximum development which forever frees you from the annoyance of cranking a car.

The electric lights—the automatic tire pump—the demountable rims—all conveniences that add to the comfort and refinement of the Inter-State.

So simple is the Inter-State of con-trol that you scarcely realize the big, long stroke, en bloc motor, throb-bing its tremendous power through

multiple disc cork-insert clutch and efficient transmission.

You only know that when you press a button, the Inter-State moves into action without exertion or discomfort on your part.

You only know that your car pre sents the suggestion of exquisite grace as the steady, silent glide carries you up hill and down dale—through town and country—at a thousand different speeds.

You only know that you have paid \$2400 for a car that offers you a greater value—dollar for dollar—than any other car regardless of price. Truly the Inter-State stands alone as the car of distinctive difference—the car that woman drives in equal skill with man.

You should send today for literature, describ-ing the remarkable value of the Inter-State.

THE INTER-STATE AUTOMOBILE CO., 509 First Street, MUNCIE, IND.
Boston Branch: 153 Massachusetts Ave. Omaha Branch: 310 South 18th St.



The first Derby made in America was a C & K



HE prime recommendation of Knapp-Felt hats is in their noticeable elegance of style—a rare combination of exquisite taste in design, trained instinct in forecasting changes in fashion and the ability to embody these qualities in worthy merchandise. The man who owns a Knapp-Felt hat may feel a pride in its possession which no foreign mark can give. He has the best the world can produce.

Knapp-Felt hats are sold in your city by hat-ters whose desire is to give to their patrons a full return for their investment. Knapp-Felt De Luxe soft hats and Derbies are six dollars, Knapp-Felts are four dollars and the C & K quality is three dollars.

Write for THE HATMAN

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.

842 Broadway, New York Authorized Makers of Dobbs & Co's Fifth Avenue Hats

How to Invest That First \$100 You Saved by Thrift

If you have been saving your money and are about to invest in your first bond, for safety and income, you require sound investment advice. It will cost you nothing to get the advice of E. H. Rollins & Sons.

We give the same consideration, service and investment opportunity to the \$100 bond buyer as to the man with many thousands to invest.

Many of our most substantial perma-nent clients founded their investments on the purchase through us of a single bond of small denomination.

Take advantage of the extensive in st-ment service of E. H. Rollins & L. as. Get the benefit of our experience and judgment.

We offer sound municipal, railroad and public service bonds, yielding 4 to 6 per cent., in denominations of \$100 and \$500. Write for circular No. 582.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS

Founded 1876 INVESTMENT BONDS 200 Devonshire St., Boston

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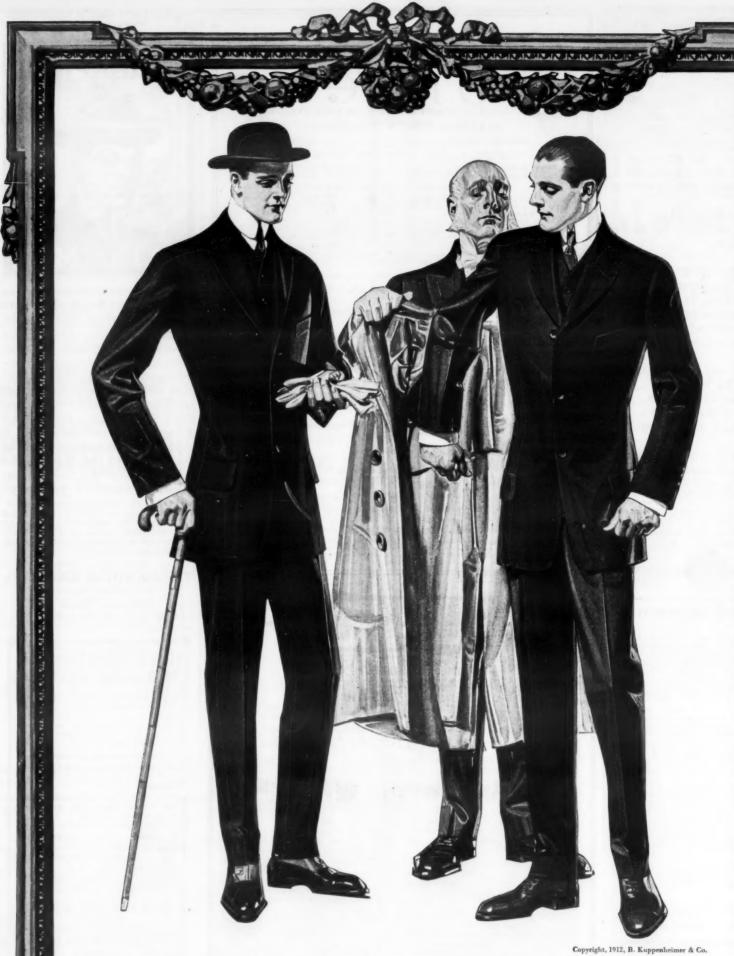
Use



If "Koh-i-poor" Quality won't

** & C. HARDTMUTH,

34, East 23rd Street, New York;
d Koh-i-noor House, London, England.



THE man who wears extravagant styles today displays either a disregard of prevailing fashions or a lack of taste and good judgment in selection. And no man of character cares to be misjudged.

IVPPENHEIMER CLOTHES have an impressive individuality, without sacrifice of dignity. They are such clothes as you'll see at the clubs and on the boulevards of metropolitan cities.

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You'd better see them; now being displayed by clothiers everywhere. Send for the book, "Styles for Men."

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO

Colliers



MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE

NORMAN HAPGOOD EDITOR

NATIONAL

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR

WEEKLY





Desperate Situation of Two Bold Buccaneers

"Sail in sight, Charlie?"

"Nothin' but water, Bill, as far as the eye can reach."



Monopoly

HALL WE HAVE regulated competition or regulated monopoly? That is the most important question of this campaign, not even excepting the tariff. New-party advocates of legalized monopoly state the trust problem as if we must choose between destructive competition or regulated monopoly; whereas the alternative actually is between regulated competition and regulated monopoly.

Competition is an incident of industrial liberty; regulation is essential to the preservation and best development of competition, just as regulation is necessary to the preservation and best development of civil and political liberty. To preserve the civil and political liberty of the many, it was found to be necessary to restrict, in some respects, the liberty of the few. It was found that unlicensed political liberty leads to oligarchy or despotism. The physically strong were long ago curbed in order to protect those physically weaker. More recently such protection has been extended to the realm of business. Recognizing actual differences in strength between employer and employee, we restricted theoretical freedom of contract by factory laws prescribing conditions and hours. The liberty of the financier, the merchant, and the manufacturer to deceive his less astute customer, expressed in the phrase caveat emptor, is yielding rapidly before pure-food laws and postal-fraud prosecutions to better conceptions of business ethics. Similarly, competition must be limited in order to preserve competition. The strongest believers in competition are most zealous that it be regulated. To prohibit that destructive competition which leads to monopoly-to prohibit that excess of liberty of contract which, through combination, would destroy industrial liberty-is not "attempting by law to make people compete." No one seeks to compel people to compete. The purpose of the Sherman law and of the perfecting amendments proposed by the La Follette-Lenroot-Stanley bill is merely to prevent the killing of competition-to prevent competition being rendered impossible.

Nor does the refusal to sanction industrial monopoly interfere with the natural law of business. There is no natural monopoly to-day in the business world. The Oil Trust, the Tobacco Trust, the Sugar Trust, the Steel Trust, are all most unnatural monopolies. The first three acquired their control of the market by ruthless and unconscionable conduct—conduct which was not only a sin against society but involved flagrant violations of the ordinary criminal law. Without the aid of railroad rebating, bribery, corruption, and espionage none of those trusts would have acquired the vast wealth and power which enabled them to destroy weaker competitors. The Steel Trust, while apparently free from the grosser forms of suppressing competition, acquired control of the market, not through greater efficiency but by buying up existing successful plants and ore supplies at fabulous prices and levying tribute through control of transportation systems. It is not interfering with any natural law of business to refuse to allow a few financiers to purchase huge concerns at many times their intrinsic values and then, through controlling the market, cast the burden of such excesses upon the innocent consumer. Not a single industrial monopoly exists to-day which is the result of natural growth. In every case of monopoly, competition was suppressed either through ruthless practices or by an improper use of inordinate wealth or power. If the law prohibiting such practices is clearly defined and enforced, as is the purpose of the La Follette-Lenroot, the Stanley and the Oldfield bills to accomplish, no similar trust will arise in the future. In attempting to dismember existing illegal trusts, we are, therefore, not interfering with a natural growth; we are endeavoring to restore health by removing a cancer; for if the phrase be used in its proper economic and social sense, there is no such thing as a "good trust." The evils of industrial monopoly are inherent, not incidental: they may be mitigated by control, but they cannot be removed by any law or prevented by any commission if industrial monopoly is allowed to exist.

We fear it cannot be successfully denied that the new party, in its platform, in Colonel ROOSEVELT's speeches, in the declarations of Mr. GEORGE W. PERKINS, has very positively committed itself to an abandonment of the democratic principle in industry. It relies upon amelioration of an evil, instead of endeavoring to prevent the evil from existing and increasing. With much emphasis it declares for monopoly as economically and socially efficient and desirable. There is no other substantial trust issue. Whether the country decides to adopt for the

future the policy of preserving competition in industry or the policy of legalizing monopoly, in either event there must be decided and introduced judicial and administrative machinery adequate and appropriate for carrying out the policy adopted. No machinery exists to-day adequate to carry out either the policy of competition or the policy of monopoly. If the future industrial policy of the country is once settled, and the decision is accepted in good faith, the selection of the proper machinery for enforcing and administering that policy, whichever it be, is a matter of detail, though of very important detail. It is, moreover, a detail upon which there should not be fundamental differences. Substantially all are agreed that whether we are to have competition or monopoly, our judicial machinery must be supplemented by administrative machinery. The Interstate Trade Commission is no invention of the new party. As long ago as August 21, 1911, two days after Senator LA FOLLETTE introduced his bill to perfect the legal machinery of the Sherman law, the Democratic Senator NEWLANDS, a strong believer in competition, introduced a bill for the establishment of an Interstate Trade Commission. The Progressive Republican Senator CUMMINS and his associates on the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce have been cooperating with Senator Newlands in perfecting both measures. As to the precise provisions of the Trade Commission bill there may be differences of opinion, but all agree that such a commission should be established, with ample powers of investigation, publicity, and supervision, to aid in administering the law. The great question remains: What law shall it be? Shall it be law legalizing monopoly or law preserving competition?

STATE INFLUENCES

THE DEMOCRATIC State ticket in Illinois, chosen by ROGER Sullivan, is one of the worst that could be selected. The eral inside opinion is that Sullivan is playing a double game. Bull Moose, meantime, has nominated one of the best State tickets ever seen in Illinois. No matter how you vote for President, vote for the best ticket in your State, whether it be Democratic, Progressive, or Republican. It will be well if the Saratoga Convention of October 3 can learn a lesson from Illinois, which could easily have been carried for WILSON if a strong State ticket were behind him, but which is now extremely doubtful. McApoo would be an ideal nominee for Governor of New York.

FUTILITY

HE ATTACK of Penrose and Archbold, of course, helps Colonel ROOSEVELT more than anything else could. When a statesman has a high and well-earned reputation he can only gain by slander from persons well known for ways that are dark. The strange thing is the selfdeception that keeps these distinguished leaders of the plunderbund from realizing that they hurt the men they support and help the men they assault.

THE POLICE PROBLEM

IN OUR CITIES the relation of the police to vice and to public safety constitutes one of the most difficult municipal problems. The advantage of such a sensation as the Rosenthal case ought to be some stimulus to constructive thought. We are decidedly pleased that Mr. Emory R. Buckner has been selected as counsel for the investigation. Mr. BUCKNER is a young man who gives every sign of unusual ability and character. He worked his way first through the University of Nebraska and then through the Harvard Law School. He was in the District Attorney's office under Mr. STIMSON, who recommended him to Mr. WHITMAN, and the most intelligent and progressive lawyers think highly of him. In any investigation of this kind the character of the attorney in charge is of the first importance. The public has every reason to believe that the work in this very important emergency will be well done.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

PHILOSOPHICALLY CONSIDERED, the moral of the Rosenthal case is the damage of trying to get something for nothing. It is an almost universal fault. It is the trouble with many of the exploits of our high finance. It used to be the purpose of the bravos and buccaneers of every land. It is why the tipping system is undesirable, a fee passing by imperceptible stages so easily into a bribe. The gambler ROSENTHAL and his associates were trying for easy money; the police have been first accepting and then demanding a share in the spoil. We all dream of having fortunes given or left to us. The root of life's evil is the desire to receive that for which we give no full equivalent,



OUR LAW

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MARTIN VAN BUREN, in his always interesting "Inquiry Into the Origin and Course of Political Parties in the United States," after saying that the interference of judges in politics is always distasteful to "sincere Republicans," adds: "Their want of sympathy, as a general rule, for popular rights is known throughout the world." Certainly the bench and the bar are on trial in more than one respect at the present moment. There are many reasons. One of the most constant irritations is the habit of American courts of playing an absurd technical game instead of going for the obvious meaning of the law, as the English judges do. It looks like a private sport instead of a serious public service. We have just been reading an account in a Washington paper of a proceeding in which a hotel proprietor was fined only \$25 for "dispensing" intoxicating liquor to an eighteen-year-old girl. Judge Pugh expressed regret that he could not take away the convicted man's license. He could have done it had the word been "selling," but, as it was "dispensing," \$25 was the limit of punishment. About the same time there appeared in a Chicago paper the following paragraph;

Albert Groussman, convicted of pandering, was sentenced to one year in the House of Correction and fined \$300 on July 17 by Judge Newcomer in the Municipal Court. A week later a petition for a writ of habeas corpus was offered in the Circuit Court to Judge Kersten, who released the prisoner on \$1,500 bond, setting a hearing for August 1. Groussman did not appear. The inference is that he preferred forfeiting his bond to taking the chance of spending a year in the bridewell. The petition was based on an alleged misspelling of Groussman's name.

There is no more odious crime than the one dealt with in this paragraph, yet a man convicted of it—striking at the helplessness of women and undermining all that we care most about in civilization—may escape punishment because of the misspelling of his name, which is carrying the farce of American legal practice pretty far. In the last analysis it is probably up to the Bar Association and the law schools to take this matter in hand and lead public opinion toward an effective solution.

THE BEST EDITORIALS

OF ALL WRITERS, in all languages, which one, if they lived to-day, would have talents best suited to writing worthily and daily for the millions—that is to say, the best editorials? Would VOLTAIRE'S talent be best suited to that form, among the French? Would MACAULAY, among the English, or would SWIFT? Or has some reader a suggestion better than any one of these?

THE RESULT IN ALASKA

THE ELECTION in Alaska was very significant about the stace of public opinion in that region. The candidate of the Progressive party was overwhelmingly elected; the Republican candidate was correspondingly buried, in spite of the prominence of the Taft boss of Alaska at the steam-roller convention in Chicago; the Socialist ran neck and neck with the Republican, although he had no money; and the Democrat, who ran on a violent anti-Pinchot platform, and was reported to have Guggenheim's support, was a very bad fourth. The reports about Alaska public opinion which are sent about the United States by those interested in exploiting Alaska are scarcely borne out by this election.

POLITICS AND TAXATION

I N WYOMING, under the Warren régime, the chairman of the Republican State Committee has acted regularly as the attorney for the great corporations which take from the State so large a share of its resources. The chairman of the State Committee likewise has been the legislative lobbyist in Wyoming for these corporations. C. W. BURDICK, the present chairman, is, for instance, attorney for the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, a Rockefeller corporation. The law of Wyoming provides that the gross value of the output of mines, after deducting the expense of production, shall be the measure of assessment. The report of the output of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company's iron mines in Laramie County, Wyo., for the year ending December 31, 1911, shows a total of 566,082.90 tons, the gross value of which is represented to be \$375,142.97. By a singular coincidence, the expense incurred in production is exactly the same amount to a cent, leaving no value to be assessed. In Carbon County, Wyo., after 8,199 acres of coal land belonging to the Colorado Industrial Company, a subsidiary of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, had been listed by the assessor for the year 1910 at \$20 per acre, making a total valuation of \$163,980, Mr. Burdick made an affidavit, on behalf of the corporation, that 5,596 acres of this land was grazing land. Upon this affidavit a rebate of \$103,526 in valuation was granted. According to the United States Geological Survey, these "grazing lands" are among the most valuable coal lands in Carbon County. Wyoming makes practically a free gift of its resources to the great corporations.

PASSING THE BATTER

WHILE THE BASEBALL interest is at its height, let us insert another plea for changing the rules so as to make impossible the intentional passing of a batter, at least unless it is done with such skill as to leave the umpire doubtful. Speaking of our former editorial on this subject, the New York "Evening Mail" says:

Ninety-nine fans out of every ninety-nine will agree with him [the editor of COLLIER'S] in this suggestion. The greatest moment of battle—the most appealing and the most thrilling—arises when the star batsman comes up at a critical juncture with runners in front waiting for the crack of his trusty club. Nothing else so grips and holds the audience, and the anticlimax which arrives as the pitcher deliberately tosses high and wide from the plate takes away the one big incident of the afternoon.

Such a rule would be fair to all clubs—far more pleasing to all spectators—and in addition is easily planned. One of the best known umpires of the game states that it would be a simple matter to detect any deliberate attempt at issuing a pass and that the most effective punishment would be to call a balk, advancing the runners on base.

Whatever they decide, the big leagues should at least discuss the change. It is not fair to the hundreds of thousands of fans to deprive them of heavy hitting in crises, the most exciting single aspect of the game.

PLEASANT TALK

OF GOOD CONVERSATION, EMERSON says:

It requires people who are not surprised and shocked, who do and let do, and let be, who sink trifles, and know solid values, and who take a great deal for granted.

That is the kind of enthusiastic summing up of an intellectual pleasure in which Emerson is unsurpassed. Nobody found good thinking more fun than he did. In dreaming about ideal conversation, one would think of the "Mermaid Tavern," with Shakespeare, Jonson, Marlowe, and the other Titans; of Socrates, Pericles, and the genius of Athens; of Goethe and Schiller; of the salons of France; of the studios of the Italian renaissance; but for our part we should insist on including the conversations which Emerson held with Margaret Fuller in the hills and fields of Massachusetts, and we think there are few more exhilarating books than "Margaret and Her Friends." It is the enthusiasm for ideas that makes the charm of that book, reflecting the talk of the most remarkable literary group yet produced in America; and without enthusiasm for ideas conversation can never amount to much.

WHERE WOMEN CAN HELP

S WAMP DRAINAGE—the turning of the seventy-five millions of acres of waste wet land in this country into neighborhoods free from malaria, where at least ten million more Americans could make comfortable homes-is a task that ought to appeal particularly to women, who feel that they should apply to municipal and national affairs the same special knowledge and experience which they use in the management of their There is a tremendous amount of agitation and publicity own homes. work to be done before our people-not brought up behind dikes and ditches like the Hollanders-are educated up to the point of using their waste swamp land. They will migrate to Canada readily enough and live under a foreign flag and yet leave untouched the much more fertile low-lands at their very doors. To be sure, before most of these swamp areas are in condition to be taken up, laws must be passed, large drainage projects undertaken, a great deal of organization done. It is in keeping the subject alive that women can help. There are indeed, already, several women's organizations for this purpose. Many more women would be actively interested if the subject were brought to their attention. The cleaning up of such waste areas as the Dismal Swamp, the Okefinokee Swamp in Georgia, and the vast amount of immensely rich overflowed land along the lower Mississippi, is sublimated housekeeping of the same sort as that which cleans up an ash heap or mud hole in one's back yard.

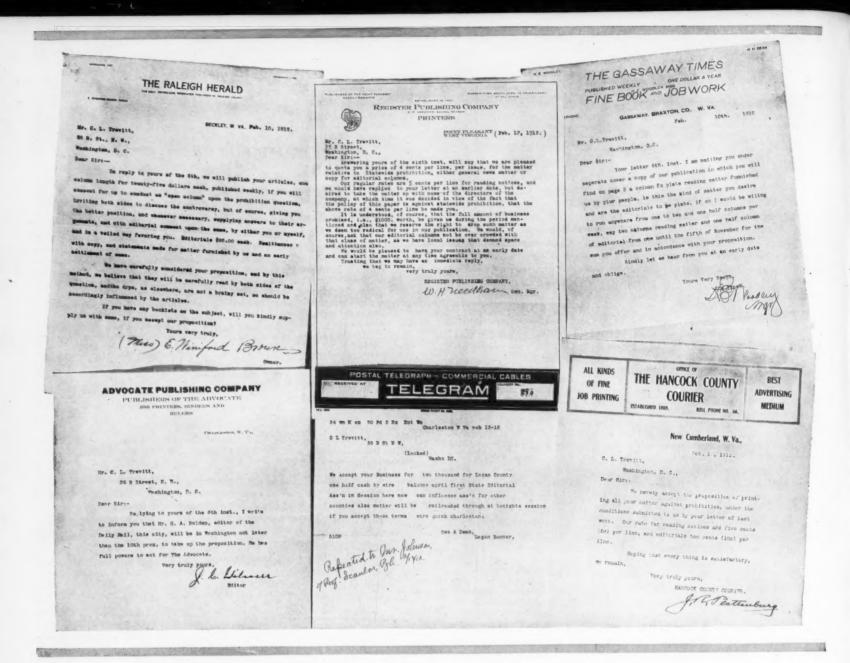
HUMILITY

ST. PHILIP NERI called at a convent to see if a young nun was really doing miracles. He arrived bespattered, and asked her to draw off his boots. She was angry, and St. Philip reported to the Pope: "Here is no miracle, for here is no humility." It was a great saying; for arrogance and spiritual depth can seldom go together. The foremost master in English, in the act of making poetry out of ethical truths, has said that

pride, Howe'er disguised in its own majesty, Is littleness.

The young nun, confronted with the unknown saint's simple wants, had bristled, and stood upon what she imagined to be her dignity, and this petty conception of self-importance had told him all he wished to know.

9



Mystery Unraveled

Startling Tales in Which Liquor, Prohibition, and Journalism Play Leading Rôles

N THE issue of COLLIER's of March 2 last appeared

N THE issue of COLLIER'S of March 2 last appeared the following editorial:

"Speaking of liquor, by the way, a prohibition amendment which comes up in West Virginia on November 5 is causing the liquor interests to act according to their lights. The 'Post-Chronicle' of Morgantown prints a letter from C. L. Trevitt of Washington, D. C., telling how awful it will be if the hundreds of thousands of dellars invested in broweries distillaries and sands of dollars invested in breweries, distilleries, and saloons are wiped out; adding that it is a fight to the death, and outlining a campaign of education. This education consists in offering \$1,000 or more for editorials, preferably written by Trevitt himself, but, as he adds: 'I am willing to pay for editorials, even if written by yourself.' On Trevitt's letterhead appears the follow-ing: 'Literary Agent. Essays and Speeches prepared for Congressmen and others.' There are 219 publications in Congressmen and others.' There are 219 publications in the State of West Virginia. Of this number, 33 are daily newspapers, 165 weekly newspapers, 5 semiweekly publications, and 14 monthly publications. Not even the monthlies were skipped by this literary agent. Whoever wins, the poor liquor interests are being put to great expense; but then they get most of the money of a rge part of the population, so, perhaps, it is all fair in

A representative of the liquor interests in West Virginia protested to us that no such person as "C. L. Trevitt" had any authority to speak for those interests, and charged that the Trevitt letter had really been sent

and charged that the Trevitt letter had really been sent out by enemies of the liquor interests.

Collier's thereupon pursued some investigation. This investigation disclosed that "35 B Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.," the address of C. L. Trevitt as shown by his letter, is the Bliss Building, in which building is the office of the Anti-Saloon League. We found that Mr. Trevitt's mail was delivered at this office, and forwarded from there to Mr. William E. Johnson, who is a brother-in-law of C. L. Trevitt. Both Johnson and Trevitt live near a little station known as Oak Crest, on

an electric car line twenty miles out from Washington. The batch of letters addressed to the West Virginia editors had been sent by Mr. Johnson to the secretary of Rev. Edwin C. Dinwiddie, superintendent of the "National Temperance Legislative Bureau," with offices in the rooms occupied by the Anti-Saloon League, with the rooms occupied by the Anti-Saloon League, with the request to Mr. Dinwiddie's secretary to mail them at the Washington Post Office. Mr. Johnson had also asked Mr. Dinwiddie's secretary to forward to him, as he should from time to time advise her of his address, all mail which should come to 35 B Street, N. W., for C. L. Trevitt. These instructions were followed. Both Mr. Dinwiddie and his secretary claim not to have had any knowledge of the contents of the Trevitt letter mailed from their office to the West Virginia editors.

THE TROUBLE WITH THE DEPARTMENT

WILLIAM E. JOHNSON is the press secretary of WILLIAM E. JOHNSON is the press secretary of the "General Assembly's Permanent Committee on Temperance of the Presbyterian Church in the United States," with offices in the Conestoga Building, Pittsburgh, Pa., one of the church organizations making up the "National Interchurch Temperance Federation."

COLLIER'S then sought Mr. Johnson. William E. Johnson is known among the liquor interests and their friends as "Pussyfoot." The name of "Pussyfoot" Johnson is almost a household word in the camp of the liquor interests in Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Minnesota, and other Western States.

nd other Western States. Until the fall of 1911, when he resigned, Johnson was employed in the Interior Department as Chief Special Officer of the United States Indian Service, with special duties in the suppression of the liquor traffic among the Indians. Some dissatisfaction was expressed by officials of the Interior Department with certain phases of Johnson's work. The officials declared that "no fault had been found with Mr. Johnson's integrity or his character." although some \$200.000 of public funds had passed ter," although some \$200,000 of public funds had passed through Johnson's hands. Johnson asserts that his work

interfered with the activities of certain politicians, and that this fact led to friction between himself and the department. It was charged by the department officials that Johnson was overzealous in the defense of a young New Mexico Indian named Juan Cruz, who, as one of Johnson's deputies, had attempted to take a bottle of whisky from four Indians, was assaulted and beaten up, the defended of the control of the co self-defense, as claimed, fatally shot one of the dians. Johnson charged that the Indian agent, four Indians. appointed by the Government, was himself the owner of a drug store in Santa Fe where, contrary to law, whisky was sold to Indians. Four of Johnson's deputies were killed during one period of eighteen months, and he

himself has taken many desperate chances.

But the most interesting phase of Johnson's activities occurred two years ago in Minnesota.

ties occurred two years ago in Minnesota.

The United States Supreme Court had decided that Federal laws against selling liquor to citizen Indians were void, because the Constitution reserved all police powers to the States. But Johnson dug up some old Indian treaties. One of these was dated in 1855, when the Chippewa Indians ceded a large portion of the north half of Minnesota to the Federal Government, to be opened up for settlement. The treaty of cession between the Indians and the Government provided that the existing laws governing the introduction of liquor into the Indian country should continue in full force and existing laws governing the introduction of liquor into the Indian country should continue in full force and effect until otherwise provided by Congress—and Congress had never repealed this provision. Every bottle of liquor, therefore, in that whole section of Minnesota, now thickly populated by white people, was contraband and at the mercy of "Pussyfoot" Johnson. Now Johnson was a Prohibitionist first and a Government official afterward. He got busy. His campaign struck terror afterward. He got busy. His campaign struck terror to the hearts of the liquor people. He is a man of mettle, cool, courageous, pugnacious, practical. He and his deputies held forty-five deputy sheriffs in Minnesota at bay, while they destroyed hundreds of dollars' worth of liquor. Then they quietly submitted to arrest.

Johnson was trying to separate the sheep from the goats in the editorial sanctums of West Virginia. Ten goats in the editorial sanctums of West Virginia. Len years ago he had trapped with the same bait 168 Texas newspapers whose editors were willing to poison the sources of public information for a price. Referring to his "catch" of West Virginia editors, and holding up a batch of letters, Johnson said: "These were the rascals I was after. I have no apologies to make. I went out after scamps and got them. It is not the first time I have set bear traps for crooks."

ASKING FOR MONEY IN ADVANCE

JOHNSON held up a letter signed "J. W. Miller," dated February 9, 1912, and said: "Miller is a Sunday-school superintendent." He is also the "publisher and proprietor" of the Putnam "Democrat" of Winfield. He wrote: "I will say I am in business life, not seeking pleasure. I am in the market for business, and I accept your proposition.

am in the market for business, and I accept your proposition. . . I stopped carrying liquor advertisements three
years ago, simply to gratify my wife and a few friends.
. . I am hard up, too, and the sooner you send your
matter and a small check, the better it will be for me."
Mr. Miller adds a postscript:
"I consider this an honorable business, and I have
the same right to accept it that a lawyer has to take a
case for a man who either sells or favors the legal sale

case for a man who either sells or favors the legal sale of liquor over the 'bootlegging' process which is being conducted everywhere."

This telegram, dated February 12, was from Charleston:

We accept your business for two thousand for Logan County, one-half cash by wire, balance April first. State Editorial Association in session here now. Can influence association for other counties also. Matter will be railroaded through at to-night's session if you accept these terms. Wire quick, Charleston.
GEO. A. DEAN, Logan 'Banner.'

(Miss) E. Winifred Brown, "owner" of the Raleigh "Herald" of Beckley, writes under date of February 10: "We will publish your articles, one-column length, for \$25 each, published weekly, if you will consent for us to conduct an 'open column' upon the prohibition question, inviting both sides to discuss the controversy, but of course giving you the better position, and, whenever nec essary, supplying answers to their arguments, and with editorial comment upon the same by either you or myself, and in a veiled way favoring you. Editorials \$25 each. Remittances with copy, and statements made for matter furnished by us and an early settlement of same."

Miss Brown adds: "The drys, as elsewhere, are not a

brainy set, so should be accordingly influenced by the

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The Oil Man's Magazine ("The National Oil Jour nal") of Parkersburg is evidently an influential journal. It is edited by Herbert P. McGinnis, and carries the announcement on its letterheads: "Forty contributors and special correspondents.'

and special correspondents."

Mr. McGinnis writes that his paper circulates in Wood, Ritchie, Tyler, Roane, Harrison, Wetzel, Lincoln, Pleasants, and Kanawha Counties, "and also some in Ohio and Pennsylvania." He offers his news columns for 10 cents per line, and "50 cents per line inch" for editorial page. Mr. McGinnis gets down to business. "We do not want to hold you up without a gun," he writes, "and would be glad to sell you space on, up to, and through the coming general State election, November 5. But we must have money in advance, and we will not consider any small amount of business that you could give us at any price. We feel that you could give us at any price. We feel that you could give us at any price. We feel that our medium has a wider circulation than most weekly papers, and an influence greater than the leading dailies of our State. For that reason we are not prepared to be trifled with. If you mean business, all you have to show us is the goods." Then he adds:

"You will, of course, appreciate the necessity of tessing the pattern contents of this left."

"You will, of course, appreciate the necessity of keeping the entire contents of this letter strictly confidential, and we rely upon your manhood, as such, to treat all of our relations in the same manner."

J. R. Clifford is the president of the National Independence Political League (formerly the National Negro American Political League). He is also the editor of the "Pioneer Press" of Martinsburg, and says he is "well known in Washington and the country over and can give reference of the best white and colored men in your city" (Washington). He told Mr. "Trevitt" that he wrote an editorial "not long ago" to the effect "that I would rather be a drunkard and love my fellow men and so go drunkard and love my fellow men and so go forth before God, risking my future fate, than

to be a prohibition-Christian, hate my fellow men, and go there."

Mr. Clifford adds: "I have been publishing plate matter for the past six months, sent me by some unknown persons, on the line you suggest, but I quit it, because my space is worth much to me."

It will help you to read some newspapers intelligently if you peruse for a moment the plate matter that Mr. Clifford incloses. Here it is: "Ink on paper tells of 75,000 persons of Connecticut piling up money to fight consumption, and that the poor toilers have raised \$20,000. If all the money raised, and to be raised for a hundred years, were appropriated to making better homes for the poor laborers, better clothes, bedding, and food, and shorter hours for work, and better ventilation in the mills and factories, it would serve its best purpose."

That's good reading matter as far as it goes. Here is

the rest of it:

"Next, if those having that contractible, not inheritable disease, will use whisky and cod liver oil, egg nogg three times a day, and creoterpin now and then, con option is mastered."

Walter Decker writes that he has been "business manager on the Keyser 'Tribune' for several years, and in that capacity the editor showed me your recent letter to him. He is an ex-preacher and very radical in his stand against the liquor industry. When, the past week, we used an article in which reference was made to Patrick Henry, the great patriot and orator, having once been a bartender, by the gods, he marked that out of the

Mr. Decker recites this little incident that befell Patrick Henry as a bartender, to show Mr. "Trevitt" what an uphill fight the liquor interests will have. He says the "Tribune" can be bought for \$6,000 cash. It has over 2,000 regular subscribers, been established for forty-one years, oldest paper in the county, pays about \$5,000 per year. If Mr. "Trevitt" would not want the paper after the campaign was over, a purchaser could be had. If this arrangement fails to meet with Mr. "Trevitt's" approval, the narrow-minded editor who blue-penciled Patrick Henry's career as a bartender is likely to sell the paper to one of his own kind.

H. R. Mills, proprietor of the Buena Vista "Times," calls Mr. Trevitt's attention to the fact that his letter was published in one of the West Virginian papers, and says he is "very much surprised that a member of the news-Mr. Decker recites this little incident that befell Pat-

he is "very much surprised that a member of the news-paper fraternity should treat a confidential communication in this manner." He says it is best to talk such matters over, and he is willing to come to Washington, and to pay his own expenses if a contract is closed.

NEUTRAL-FOR A PRICE

O. H. BARNES, editor of the Buckhannon "Delta," says that his county has never had a saloon, and that "there is a strong 'Pecksniff' attitude on the liquor question; that is, the citizen spouts prohibition and sports a jug." He says his paper cannot afford to take a stand against the amendment, although personally he is opposed to it. "At any rate, we could not afford to accept your proposition for \$1,000. We would rather take half that and exclude the Prohibition stuff for you. We have already made a semifinal announcement that we would take no sides in the matter. . . . Being in politics and knowing the rank and file of the voters as I do, I can do you infinitely more good by keeping the paper neutral and gumshoeing among the voters. . . I would like to have

a long talk with some of your people, at any place you may name, in regard to this matter of getting the best results in Upshur County."

Mr. Barnes adds a caution: "I would advise you, in

negotiating with other newspapers in Buckhannon, to see that they don't get your money and fail to deliver the goods—this has been done here."

Thomas B. Garner, manager of the "Progressive West Virginian" ("Independent and Reasonable in all

Things"), writes:
"Make your terms more explicit. How much are you

"Make your terms more explicit. How much are you willing to pay in cash for your eight months of advertising use of columns for any publications you may wish to insert? . . . We are right on the borders of Kentucky and will be in the thickest of the contest. . . . The temperance feeling here is very strong among a certain class, and should I decide to accept your offer, I should have to be insured against loss."

FIVE CENTS A LINE

K. HICKS, editor of the Putnam "Herald," Winfield, under date of February 9, writes:
"I will give you from one to two columns of space each week, from March I to November 5, for the sum of \$1,200, payable quarterly, \$400 per each quarter in advance, and if you decide to accept this proposition I will run over to Washington the last of next week and enter a contract with you to that effect. . . . I assure you this, if I undertake the fight that Putnam County will vote against prohibition, as I have never yet lost out, and feel sure that I can win in this one. I also out, and feel sure that I can win in this one. I also have the County Committee with me, and I will name the chairman and the election officers, and if I go into this fight will have about three influential workers at the polls in each voting precinct on election day, and I fear no defeat. . . I carry a couple of liquor advertisements in the 'Herald,' but always get double price for such advertisements."

Between February 9 and February 15 Mr. Hicks evidently got an intimation that Mr. "Trevitt's" bait was hooked, for on the latter date he wrote again. This time

he signed his name in type.

he signed his name in type.

"I see some of the papers have taken offense at your letter," he wrote, "and have published it, stating that there was no such party in Washington as C. I. Trevitt, etc., and you had no authority to write the letters that you wrote to the newspapers of the State, etc. I trust you will keep the contents of my letter strictly confidential, and I will treat yours the same, and will ask you to please return my other letter with this can be not as me by to please return my other letter with this one to me by return mail, and would be pleased to meet you and go

On February o W. L. Starbuck, publisher of the Wetzel "Tribune," offered to "run your matter at five cents per line, and as much of it as you want for all but the editorial matter, which will cost you ten cents per

Three days later, February 12, Mr. Starbuck again wrote that he was interested in other papers besides the Wetzel "Tribune," and could get control of still others. "If your people will agree to take \$3,000 worth of publicity in the three papers, and pay \$2,500 of it in advance, I will get the three papers and make all of them WET, not only until the election, but will continue to run them Wet."

Between two days somebody had evidently put Mr. Starbuck wise, for on February 13, without waiting for an answer, he again wrote. This time he didn't even say "Dear Sir."

This time he didn't even say "Dear Sir."

C. L. TREVITT, Washington, D. C.

After consulting the editors, relative to your proposition on the amendment question, beg leave to advise you that I cannot accept your offer. Very truly, W. L. Starbuck.

offer. Very truly, W. L. STARBUCK.

H. E. Woodley, manager of the Gassaway "Times," informed Mr. "Trevitt" that he was "mailing under separate cover a copy of our publication, in which you will find on page 3 a column of plate reading matter furnished us by your people." Mr. Woodbury "would be willing to run anywhere from one to two and one-half columns per week, say two columns reading matter and one-half column of editorial from now until the 5th of November, for the sum you offer and in accordance with your proposition."

J. F. Haverty, owner and publisher of the Wirt County "Journal," advised Mr. "Trevitt": "I can handle the matter you refer to, upon

"I can handle the matter you refer to, upon the terms set forth, with the exception of editorial matter, upon which, at the present time, I cannot give you a rate. I think it would be better for both myself and the interests you better for both myself and the interests you represent for my editorials to remain neutral, as it were, any comment I might make being of a purely disinterested character, referring to your articles from an unbiased, open standpoint. I trust you get my meaning. A little later, perhaps, after the situation has been properly developed, it would be proper for me to open up' along decisive lines. I am taking this precaution for the reason that haste will have to be made slowly in a county like this,

11 (Concluded on page 37)

THE PUTNAM DEMOCRAT

J WILLER Edits

Winfield, West Virginia. Teb. 9,1917. Trevite In reparence to your Dear Discourt of Proposition is regard to pursuching on the opposition of Probabilition, I will day I am the opposition of publishing pleasure. I am the market for business a grow makes your proposition of publishing from makes of parties of proposed as the chief and a few. Opposed congress to gratefy ony wife and a few. priemed a accepted as this affice at 5° per matter is accepted as this affice at being and line for ordinary business, but being an love ordinary former for a large aren is worth more my paper has a large aren lation, all home prient. I am herd upo, two and the bosner than beind your marter and the bosner than beach, the Bester is will be for me. I consider this am honorable business and I have the Rame right to assept it what a lave for a that a lave for a man who wither sees or favors the began acce of higher areas the busilegging process which is keeing conducted everywhere

This editor, acknowledging he was hard up, defended his transaction on the ground that a newspaper has the same right to take pay that a lawyer has



Hail the Conquering Heroes!

The athletes who competed in the Olympic games at Stockholm returned to America August 24 and paraded through the streets of New York. The various athletic societies, clubs, and religious organizations in which they had received their training formed a long, brilliant, and enthusiastic procession, and the streets were lined with admiring crowds. The picture shows Mayor Gaynor welcoming the athletes



Seeing the Panama Canal

In Panama, as elsewhere, we have the sightsesing car. This one is fastened to the front of an engine and runs the whole length of the cut. At Culebra a stop is made and the party is given an illustrated lecture on the canal and its construction. This is only one illustration of the completeness with which things are being done in Panama



One of the Army of Defense

Under the direction of the sanitary de-partment, a squad of colored boys is con-stantly at work with little tanks of coal oil which they squirt into every sus-picious puddle or mosquito-breeding pond

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE first Democratic Congress in twenty years has just ended its first official year. When it came into being in April, 1911, a friendly commentator emphasized the program of economy to which the party had dedicated itself, and praised its first official act:

"Probably every Democrat in Congress was under pressure, from party workers to whom he is under obligations, for some of these jobs. . . . There is, therefore, all the more reason for thoughtful persons, who understand and appreciate economy in government, to give sympathy and practical support to the party that has accomplished it. . These voluntary sacrifices of power and patronage are creditable in the highest degree. . . . The new party has put in motion machinery which, it is confidently believed, will save the Government one hundred and fifty million dollars a year. . .

It is unfortunate that a Congress which started out with such expectations ends its term with an expenditure which totals within a few negligible millions of the biggest sum ever spent by the unforgivably extravagant Republican Congresses of recent years. There is real humiliation for the Democrats in their repudiation of the promise of economy with which they made their successful campaign two years ago. The Democratic leaders are not to blame. Underwood, Fitzgerald, all the members of the Ways and Means Committee contested every inch of the program of extravagance; Clark was for free spending, because that meant patronage and favors in aid of his campaign for the Presidential nomination. The rank and file of the party were for pork because they thought it would make their seats secure; they were too shortsighted to know that a record for economy and tariff revision would be their best title to an enduring grip on the support of the people. Economy is the thing the Democrats could have achieved in spite of the White House and the Republican Senate; in the tariff and in progressive legislation their efforts were made vain by Taft's vetoes. The passage of the Sherwood pension grab by the Democrats was unforgivable; the motive of most of them was the belief that it would help carry the old soldier States-Ohio, Indiana, and the Middle West-for the Democrats this fall. Back of the blame on individual Congressmen for extravagance is the blame on the voters, who judge a member by the "pork" he gets for his district.

THEIR BEST ARGUMENT

HE Democrats can safely base their request for a return to power on their tariff record. They passed six tariff reduction measures, and repassed two of them by the necessary two-thirds majority over the President's veto. Leader Underwood estimated that these laws would have saved the people of the country \$650,000,000 in taxes. The Democratic program of labor legislation is also impressive. It includes the Children's Bureau Bill, the creation of an Industrial Commission, the Phosphorus Match Bill, and measures safeguarding life at sea.

THE SIEVE

HERE is enlightenment upon the hard routine work done by every Congressman in these figures: During the present session, so far. 26,392 bills have been introduced in the House and 7,474 in the Senate.

The Records of Congressmen

ALL the members of the Lower House of Congress (three hundred and ninety-one) will end their terms next 4th of March, 1913. Those who are candidates for reelection (a large majority of the whole number) will come before their vari ous communities at the election on the 5th of next November: in addition, many will come up renomination at primaries during the next few

The records of these Congressmen will be vital political subjects in their communities at the prinaries during the present weeks, and until the elec-

The record of any one of these Congressmen will be furnished by COLLIER's to all who apply.

These records show how each Congressman

The various schedules of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff

Bill (if he was a member at that session).

The various tariff roll calls during the present session (thirteen in all).

Reciprocity. The Sherwood Pension Bill.

Various labor bills, etc.
Write to Collier's Washington Bureau,

901 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

Please enclose twenty cents in stamps. This nominal charge is made to ensure that only those will apply who have a real interest in securing these records.

All these went automatically to their appropriate committees. Out of the committees, 1,237 have been reported to the House and 1,062 to the Senate; among those reported out of committees, less than one in ten has come before either House for action.

THE NEW JERSEY SENATORSHIP

WO Democrats have been discussed for the United States Senatorship from New Jersey. One is ex-Senator James Smith, Ir., of Newark; the other is ex-Congressman William Hughes of Paterson. If Wilson should be President, he would find Smith in the Senate plotting powerfully against him and his policies; Hughes, if he were in the Senate, would be one of Wilson's most powerful aides. Smith was in the Senate once before, in 1893. He was a traitor then to Cleveland as he is a traitor now to Wilson. Cleveland, in his famous letter, referred to three Senators-Gorman of Maryland, Brice of Ohio, and Smith (this same Smith) of New Jersey in these words:

"The deadly blight of treason has blasted the councils of the brave in their hour of might. The livery of Democratic tariff reform has been stolen and worn in the service of Republican protection . . . party perfidy and dishonor. . . . "

If the Democrats want to guarantee a short life to their present period of hope, let them send men like Smith to the Senate.

"DOING THINGS"

ROM Huntington, W. Va., Mr. W. H. Thompson writes to say that Congressman James A. Hughes, who represents twelve West Virginia counties, is campaigning for reelection on a platform headed:

"The Man Who Has Done Things."

During the second and third sessions of the Sixty-first Congress and the first session of the Sixty-second Congress there were twentysix important roll calls. Hughes of West Virginia is recorded as not voting on nineteen of them. On fifteen roll calls during the present session he voted three times: on the Sherwood Pension Bill, the Excise Tax, and the sugar schedule. The office statistician figures out that as a "Man Who Does Things," Hughes's batting average, so to speak, is about 200.

ANOTHER ABSENTEE

I N THE first session of the Sixty-second Congress, which lasted five months, from April, 1911, until August, 1911, there were thirty-seven roll calls. On these the "batting average," so to speak, of Mr. Richmond Pearson Hobson of Alabama is represented by the following figures:

Number responded to by Mr. Hobson..... 10 Number not responded to by Mr. Hobson.. 27

Among the subjects upon which Mr. Hobson failed to vote were the resolution for the direct election of United States Senators, conference report on the bill revising Schedule K, motion to pass the bill reducing woolen duties over the President's veto, motion to pass the bill reducing the tariff on agricultural implements over the President's veto, conference report on the bill providing publicity for campaign funds. From June 21 until August 21, 1911, a period of two months, Mr. Hobson was recorded as not voting on any roll call. During the present session of Congress Mr. Hobson's record has not perceptibly improved.

PENSIONS AND PORK

W. RUCKER of the Second Missouri · District is one of the members who rely on patronage and pork. He has been opposed this campaign by a candidate who

"Voters, do you want a pension agent in Congress? Or, do you want a Congressman who will work for good roads, economy, lower tariff, equal rights, and special privilege to none?"

Congressman Rucker's opponent has made a tabulation showing that out of 519 bills introduced by him, 410 were private pension bills. That a record as a pension getter has become a reproach illustrates the change in standards. The Republicans were passing pension grabs during all the years when it was good politics; the Democrats have passed an exceptionally big one at the very time when it has become extremely poor politics.

TO CANDIDATES FOR CONGRESS

MANY candidates for Congress ask COLLIER's to provide them with the records of their opponents now in Congress. COLLIER's can only give these candidates the same record of roll calls which it furnishes to the general public. And while the ayes and noes of any member constitute the fundamental part of his official record, and are enough to enable any voter to pass on his member's claim to reelection, yet an opposition candidate needs more amplified material to make a campaign. Any candidate who will use COLLIER'S record of roll calls as an index, can, by spending a day with the bound volumes of the Congressional Record (they are to be found in almost every library), provide himself with an adequate summary of his opponent's speeches and other activities.



WAY down in southwestern Mexico, in the State A of Jalisco, just where the temperate plateau drops down to the hot country and the sea, the volcano of Colima lifts its smoking head for thirteen

thousand feet against the peaceful tropical blue.

To the northeast are cornfields and cattle and the shallow lakes of the broad valley, stretching up to Guadalajara. Zapotlan—a little chilly in the rainy season—is on this side of the volcano at an altitude of about five thousand feet. From there the plateau falls quickly, and to the southwest of the volcano, coffee planthe sixty miles to the Pacific. And on that side, about thirty miles away and only fifteen hundred feet above the ocean, lies the dreamy little city of Colima—always warm—with its palms and white and sky-blue walls, its Burma-like maidens, and vague, sweet scent of You need not go east of Suez to get to Mandalay scent of limes

From Zapotlan the volcano is almost hidden by the taller peak of the Nevado—"the snowy one"—and only shows its sulphurous head, but from Colima it rises almost a perfect cone. It is always smoking—of all the Mexican volcanoes it is the only really active one—and every few years a great inky pillar pours up, spreads out far aloft into a huge black umbrella, and miles away—

as far upcountry as Zapotlan, for in-stance—the rain of sand is sometimes so thick that people can scarcely be dis-tinguished fifty yards away. There are records of eruptions as far back as 1804; the great one of 1869 opened up a "para-sitic cone" halfway down the northeast ern slope and spread out a field of lava below it, and those of 1885 and 1903 blanketed the northwestern slope with lava floes, one on top of the other. It is a little more than a year ago now-just as the Diaz régime was tottering—that the whole Mexican plateau was shaken by an earthquake. A



The old mozo, at the lava flos

barracks collapsed in the capital itself and there was more or less disturbance all the way down to Zapotlan—three hundred miles distant in an air line—where several churches and a great many houses were shaken down and about seventy-five

In the dispatches sent up to the American newspapers the volcano of Colima was generally blamed for this. The fleeing villagers were dutifully mentioned, and there were fanciful descriptions of lava filling railroad tunnels fifteen and twenty miles away. It made peculiarly interesting reading—sitting comfortably at one's breakfast in New York—for only a few weeks before, while trying to climb Colima, another man and I had stood close up under the volcano in a sort of blind alley of rock, a precipice behind and in front that ghostly, smoking pyramid. It was not an easy place to get out of, and work enough we had getting out, and one couldn't but

picture how lively things might have become had the old furnace chosen to blow off that morning.

When I was again in Mexico, in October, and Mr.

Madero's unopposed election seemed to leave a day or two clear from which to erase from one's 'scutcheon the

ignominy of that previous attempt, I hurried down to Zapotlan, and although the rains persisted and a heavy cloud cap hung over the crater, and every now and again trailed its misty skirts down into the timber, got mules and a mozo and started out to see what had happened.

The country immediately roundabout, gashed into steep barrancas or cañons, is impossible to cross in anything like a straight line, and the lazy and quite wonderful little railroad that winds down between the two towns burrows through some thirty tunnels, bridges as high as a skyscraper from the river, and through a canon, across the upper rim of which streams from the zone of pines pour down, sometimes for hundreds of feet, into the warmer tropic sunshine.

THE APPROACH TO THE VOLCANO

THE easiest way to approach the volcano is from Zapotlan, but even from there you must ride uphill for twenty miles and cross the shoulder of the higher Nevado before descending on foot into the shut-in val-ley from which the final ascent is made. Were there guides, or anyone to give a stranger directions, and water on the cone side of the Nevado, the climb would still be comparatively simple, but there are no guides, and in Zapotlan, even to-day, people will tell you that no one ever climbed the volcano and that it can't be climbed. Absurd as this is, mountains are not to be trifled with,

especially those with no water in them, and I wouldn't advise anyone to start out as we had started that first time—like a couple of city men hopping on a suburban train for a few holes of golf. We had assumed that the shoulder of which Terry speaks, in his excellent guidebook, ran across like a bridge from the Nevado to the cone. And when we got to the top of the pass, with the dark timber below us and below that—thousands of feet down and stretching out as far as the eye could carry into the horizon, the checkerboard country—there in front of us lay the great, rusty, smoldering heap of the volcano, and between, a valley, three or four thou-sand feet deep and several miles across.

There was snow on the shady northern slope up which we had just crawled (it was in February), and except for a few tortillas and a bit of chocolate, our food and water were back on the edge of the timber with the mozo and the horses. Eleven or twelve thouwith the mozo and the horses. Deleven or twelve thousand feet and early morning make anything possible, however, and so down we went, like a couple of grass-hoppers, hoping to do it all in a day, and ending in the afternoon—after one of those debates which are not mentioned afterward in the best exploring circles—by choosing the worst of all possible short cuts out.

As the sun went down we were dragging through a labyrinthine tangle of lava rock, gnawing cactus leaves in the approved Jack London fashion, and not actually sure that we should ever get out. We slept that night on the sand of a dry

watercourse, near a mountain brook, which we reached after dark. and next morning got down to a hacienda one of the fine old-fashioned kind, with the house, stores, sugar mill, and church all built round a great cobble-stoned court with a fountain in the center and limped into Colima the next night on a couple of borrowed mules, just as the poor old mozo, having howled into the wilderness for twenty-four hours in was hurrying back to Zapotlan tremblingly

To the Top

An Ascent of an Active Mexican Volcano of Which Little is Known

to report to the jefe politico that the two gringos had

been eaten up by tigers.

It was shortly after this that Diaz fell and the earthcame—and that same poor old mozo was one of its victims-and it was four months later, after Mr.

This view of the Nevado—"the snowy one"— is taken at about 10,000 feet. The
pass over into the calley from which the volcano is reached is just to the right Madero had come into power, that I went down into Jalisco to try the volcano a second time. The rains still hung on, with tantalizing intervals of sunshine, but one but one doesn't get down into Jalisco every day, and, knowing the trail no gamble seemed quite worth taking.

taking.

And all might have gone well, in spite of the middle of the photograph of the photograph mile wide, heaped up in chunks, some as big as one's

head and some as big as houses, and foreshortened in the thin air down to about as disconcerting and literally hellish stuff to get over as one could strike at the end of

This is the floe of 1869. It resembles an enlarged reproduction, in rock, of the broken polar ice fields, and was after crossing this that our February expedition Il down. Knowing what it was like, I set about getting over it as soon as possible, assuming that the mozos would follow. The two men had shivered out the night before at the ten-thousand-foot level with nothing but their thin ponchos to cover them; they had been going steadily for eight hours, and when they saw their gringo companion streaking across that lava field they evidently decided—good-natured and dependable as Mexicans of this class are when you stay by them and do not force the pace-that it was high time to use a

When I got across the floe and looked round for them—they had all our food and water—they were nowhere in sight. After yelling and waving for half an hour, I finally picked out their white pajama-like drawers and steeple hats against the green timber of the Nevado foothills. Aware of their strategic position, they had climbed a little way up the slope we had just descended, built a fire and sat down to abide the issue. They wouldn't answer; there was nothing to vent one's fury on but the unresponsive rock, and although I attempted a dash to the summit, a perpendicular wall, fog, and finally rain drove me back.

BACK TO PALMS AND THE PLAZA BAND

IT WAS the day, I afterward learned, of the October hurricane that swept the whole west coast. Within a few minutes after rejoining the ingenuous Mexicans, who averred that they had heard nothing and had lost me in the fog, we were beating back up the long slope of the Nevado against an icy rain that swept up from the valley, across the ridge and down the other side in a pheet as solid almost it seemed as a waterfall. The a sheet as solid almost, it seemed, as a waterfall. mozos, soaked as they were, rolled their white drawers up around their thighs and were light-footed, at least. was dragging along a ridiculous full-length mackin-osh, heavy boots, and soggy khaki, and, before we

crawled over the pass that night, found our shivering horses and started down into the timber: seemed as if our very bones had turned to ice.

We got back to Zapotlan the next afternoon—it seemed useless to try the volcano in such weather—and that night (a change quite typically Mexican) I was sipping

The herdsman's house at La Joya— about 10,000 feet. The fire is built inside and the smoke gets out where it can



of Colima

B yARTHUR RUHL

lemonade under the portals of the plaza at Colima, with the band playing "The Dollar Princess" in the plaza in front of us, the pretty senoritas, bareheaded and in sum-mer dresses, circling round in one direction, and the dapper young rancheros in their tight-fitting, dove-col-ored breeches and short, silver-

trimmed jackets, and an occasional

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young gringo clerk in white linen, walking the other way.

Fountains splashed drowsily in the quiet inner patios, the cathedral bells clanged every quarter hour—("Do you mean to say," de-manded the British Consul, "that that wretched noise pleases God that wretched noise pleases God the Mexican. "Anyway, it drives away the devil!")—and all about us hovered the warmth and velvety softness of the tropic

The volcano of Co-

lima from the Nevado, The dark rock on the right

hand half of the cone was all thrown out

night.

On the edge of it, over the roofs to the northward, glimmered that ghostly, cloud-capped head, under which one could fancy the wind still wailing down from the peaks and rain thrashing across cold rocks—while the band played, the crowd drifted round happily and the warm air carried, every now and again, the vague perfume of limes.

At intervals during the next two days I climbed to the flat roof of the little hotel, and looked through the blazing sunshine—over intervening fields and foot-hills—up to that aloof and still alluring pyramid with its faint, insinuating scarf of smoke.

Every afternoon there was a quick, warm tropical

Every afternoon there was a quick, warm tropical shower, soon over, and although the cloud cap hung about the cone with exasperating persistence, it disappeared every now and then, and one could not but feel in the disarming warmth that the rainy season was over and to-morrow would be clear.

MULES, MOZOS, AND CATHEDRAL BELLS

TWO idle days in such a climate, after hard but healthy work in the higher altitudes, make one quite new again. And so, on the third morning, as we rolled away from Colima in the warm darkness in which trains romantically insist on leaving that enchanting town—and, presently, the far-off cone caught the first of the sunlight—I decided, in spite of the cloud bank hanging over the timber and the gloomy prophecies of the man across the aisle, to get off at Zapotlan and try again.

Again the little shock-haired Indian boy in the doorway of the Hotel Anguiano had a chance to chirp his

way of the Hotel Anguiano had a chance to chirp his hopeful "Shine-shoe?" and my obese friend, the mule owner, to rent two of his animals at a price for which his neighbors doubtless might have bought them. Old friends we embraced, and, after compliments and diplomatic exchanges, agreed on two mules and a mozo—young this time—who should, absolutely and without fail, go clear to the top ("Al cima!!!"—done with clenched fists and glaring eyes on both sides), although

Research and graring eyes on both sides), atthough neither of us had the remotest notion that he would.

Zapotlan is not particularly lively in the rainy season. It is a chilly, raw little place, peopled mostly by Indians in red American bankets, which unfortunately they prefer to homemade serapes. Clouds drift low through its

In the cathedral garden at Zapotlan. The corresponding arcade on the other side of the garden as well as of the tower of the church was shaken down by the earthquake

rough little streets, now and then condensing into cheerless rain. I can see now the melancholy dining room of the Anguiano, open to the patio, splashing with rain, with the tablecloth covered with crumbs and the egg stains of previous breakfasts, the greasy mozo asking Señor with unconscious irony what he would like to eat, and the pro-

prietor's wife shuffling past in a mother hubbard, her un-

prietor's wife shuffling past in a mother hubbard, her uncombed hair hanging down her back.

And the bells . . . Ding-dong! Ding-dong! This for several minutes, then a quick staccato Jingle-jingle-jingle-jingle!!! ending with a huge BONG!!! Then altogether, very fast, Ding-jingle-jangle-dong . . . BONG! The guileless Indians ring them—you can see them pushing the bells and swinging the great tongues by hand in the open belfry in fine old medieval style—as if they felt that on the noise they made depended their chance of



A part of the lava floe of 1869, which must be crossed to reach the foot of the cone

There is not a newspaper in Zapotlan nor a book shop or a theatre, and about the only excitement is furnished by an occasional procession about the plaza, or

by going over to the market and buying boiled corn, sour oranges, queer dulces, and freshly killed beef.

It was while trying to drive away the boredom of my previous stay that I saw, hanging from a second-story window, a strip of white cloth, on which was printed, in large black letters, "DENTISTAS AMERICANAS!"

Climbing upstairs I was cordially greeted by two

cordially greeted by two Americans—a tall, slender young man with rather romantically curling hair, and an older one with a white string tie and the voice and manner of an evangel-ist. The tact with which they maintained their enthusiasm, even after I had assured them I was nad assired them I was not a patient, was charming, and we were soon puffing cigars like old friends.

They were, it appeared, a pair of those itinerant dentists not uncommon in less-fre-quented parts of Latin

America. It was their custom to come into a provincial town like this, where there were no dentists, or, at least, no American ones, hang out their sign, clean up all the work in the neighborhood, and then pack up and move on to the next place. The younger man had his wife with him—a plucky little woman from Chicago—pretty and capable, and game through and through. This quaint trio—there was a three months' old baby, too—had worked its way down through the queer little tropical coast towns—by railroad where there was one, on mule back where there wasn't. The little wife could cook anything; when her husband decided to go with us on this third attempt, she fitted him out as if he were going to the Pole, and if it hadn't been for the baby she would have insisted on going herself.

THE START IN THE TROPICAL MORNING

THE dentist had a good American horse of his own, and at daylight next morning, he on this lofty charger, the mozo and I on our melancholy ponies, were jogging down the cobblestoned street just as smoke began to curl up here and there from the low, tiled roofs, and the sharp peak of the Nevado, not unlike the Matterhorn from this side, caught the light of the approaching sun.

ing sun.

There was in the air a softness and velvety hush, a freshness of earth newly drenched with rain; a suggestion, even at this altitude, of those exquisite tropical mornings, fragrant, humid, cool, folding about one a sense of tranquillity and well-being, rather than the urge of our mornings in the north. Farmer folk on burro back jogged by on their early way to market with a drowsy "Adios!" as they passed, and but for that we might have been moving at the bottom of some silent opalescent sea. opalescent sea.

Ahead, for eight or ten miles, the valley floor spread out its pastures and cornfields, climbing gradually up into the foothills. Above the corn was the dark green timber; across and above that, like cotton pinned there, floated a long layer of cloud, and above that the grim, gaunt Nevado, lit presently by the uninterrupted sun. It really looked as if we should have clear weather, and with the good humor inspired by this, our morning coffee and the adventure ahead, we pushed on toward the foothills.

the foothills.

Two hours of the journey is up the easy slope which the cornfields follow into the timber; the rest, slow climbing up a zigzag trail used by the burro trains which bring ice down from the Nevado. There is a little ice house just below the pass, at an altitude of about eleven thousand feet, where the ice collected in winter keeps easily all the year round. The thrifty icemen dig square holes two or three feet deep, into which the packed snow gradually turns into a granular ice which they find profitable to carry on burro back all the way to Zapotlan.

Up through the corn we rode, past immense fields

the way to Zapotlan.

Up through the corn we rode, past immense fields where the peons of the Hacienda of Huescalapa were doing the fall plowing—a score of them in a line, with oxen and old-fashioned wooden plows, eating slowly across the red earth and singing a wild, windy song as they walked. Our mozo hailed them, and for a moment they exchanged greetings and facetious insults in a windy singsong, with the next to the last syllable long-drawn out. Through unfamiliar semitropical timber, then the zone of pines, and then, where the great pines give way to smaller conifers and the long grasses of the cold upper levels, down into a deep walled-in pocket—the foya (jewel), at the bottom of which was a brook and the thatched hut of a mountaineer dairyman.

THE RANCH IN THE CLOUDS

YOU reach this place after about half a day's steady climbing from Zapotlan, and here we had stayed for the night on the two other attempts—the first time because the crafty old mozo advised it, the next because of a pouring rain. This time, however, I was determined to save every possible minute, and we paused only long enough





Charles L. Goodell

Pastor of the Largest Methodist Church in the World

PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

This is the third article of the supplementary series on American preachers. The subjects of succeeding articles will be: The Rev. Alexander Mann of Trinity Episcopal Church, Boston, who occupies the pulpit of Phillips Brooks, and the Rev. William Rader of Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, crusader as well as preacher

realized the significance of the issues thus As for the two men, they knelt together at the altar. There was an earnest exposition of the way of life by the doctor with the open Bible before him, with eager, earnest listening by the man. Thereafter the minister prayer fervently, and the seeker the minister prayer fervently, and the seeker himself uttered a few broken sentences. There were other incidents of the revival service that night, but nothing comparable in importance to this one, and the congregation was dismissed in suppressed excitement. The service of the following night had been announced, but with the stipulation that Dr. Goodell would not preach except upon the condition which all now understood.

"WILL IT WORK?"

AS THE congregation passed out and left the doctor alone, and finally the man who had challenged his Gospel so strangely was also gone, Dr. Goodell began to feel a sinking at the heart. He realized that he

had risked all the future of his ministry upon the chance issue of affairs in the soul of a highly emotional creature who had strayed into his meeting. Yet he reacreature who had strayed into his meeting. Yet he reasoned with himself that he had done right and only what an honest preacher could do. He believed that redemption began here and now. If this man—if any honest seeker couldn't get it, then either there was no such thing or else he, the preacher, did not know how to proclaim it, and might therefore as well cease to preach as to

However, Dr. Goodell did not sleep much that night, and the next day was a restless one for him. Some of his parishioners thought he had been too rash and came to tell him so, but he withstood their urgings. Night came, and the hour for service. Dr. Goodell was at the church, but did not enter the pulpit. Instead he at the church, but did not enter the pulpt. Instead he sat just inside the chancel rail with his eyes upon the door. Would the man come? Would he come a conqueror or a miserable failure, confessing defeat? The time to preach at length arrived, but the man did not. Dr. Goodell announced another hymn, and the congregation stood and sang:
"There is a fountain filled with blood," etc

As the last note died hasty steps were heard in the vestibule, then the doors swung and a man—the man with hair disheveled and his features dripping perspira-tion, rushed down the aisle.

"The car broke down," he exclaimed, breathlessly,

"The car broke down, he exclaimed, breathessly, but—" and his voice rose in hoarse notes of triumph—"you can go ahead and preach!"

Dr. Goodell's life has been full of crises like this. He is always willing to test the power of his ministry afresh by that one authoritative standard of this pragmatic day: "Will it work?" In his youthful days, he, a shrewd day: "Will it work?" In his youthful days, he, a shrewd Massachusetts Yankee boy, halted between business and the ministry. He resolved to try out his preaching, saying: "If God wants me in this work he will prove it by giving me visible results."

In other words, he asked of his Gospel, as the convict later asked of it: "Will it work?"

It did work; and young Goodell entered upon his first sections which was conventered in or around Bospets with the second property of the seco

It did work; and young Goodell entered upon his first pastorate, which was somewhere in or around Boston. Still the young preacher put his ministry on probation. Again the results came. The church grew beyond all precedent. But three years was the ecclesiastical limit of a Methodist pastorate in those days, and Goodell was soon tested in another field. The results came as before. There was no question about it. The earnest young minister was a marvelous man winner. A third church in Boston in time became the gainer by his services, and then Providence, Rhode Island, had his services, and then Providence, Rhode Island, had him for three successive pastorates of three years each,

and his churches in succession grew amazingly.

Now Brooklyn, New York, which sooner or later is apt to claim a segment of the life of most great Ameri-

can preachers, eventually got Dr. Goodell. He went to Hanson Place Methodist Church; and when, after a seven years' pastorate—the three-year limit of his Boston and Providence days now being abolished—he left Hanson Place it was the largest church in Mathodism. The challenge of soul saving was still mon Methodism. The challenge of soul saving was still upon his banner.

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But from Brooklyn he removed to New York, that New York which is the reputed "graveyard of ministers." The new pastorate was Calvary Church in Harlem. Harlem, according to popular notion, is not exactly lem. Harlem, according to popular notion, is not exactly the place to find church life taking root like a banyan tree. Even his brother ministers warned him now. He must not break his heart with too great expectations—expectations which were inevitably doomed to fail. But Charles L. Goodell ascended the pulpit of Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church as unfalteringly as he had odist Episcopal Church as unfalteringly as he had grasped the ex-convict by the hand. To all and sundry he served notice. He was a winner of men to Jesus Christ. By his success in that he had tested every year of his ministry. Only thus did he know that his call to

of his ministry. Only thus did he know that his call to preach was divine. He would not lower his standard now. His voice rang out the challenge:

"God is the same in New York as in every other city in the world. . . . Before there shall be a failure in Calvary Church there will be a funeral in Calvary's parsonage. . . . I will die in the streets before there shall be a failure of God's great work in New York City."

But there was no failure. On the first Sunday in February, 1905, which was the first day upon which he extended the general invitation of the Gospel after a period of evangelistic preaching, there were three hundred and sixty-four applicants for membership, which.

dred and sixty-four applicants for membership, which, so far as Dr. Goodell knows, is the largest number of ever received at one time into the fellowship of one Protestant congregation.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN

YET Dr. Goodell's evangelistic methods are simple. There is no taint of professionalism about them. They are accompanied by no fanfare of cornets. There is no throbbing of the deep bass drum. There is no im-portation of professional exhorters or multiplication of evangelistic stage personages and stage properties, with a chorus of singers and talkers and workers who are uncannily skilled in pandering to the psychology of the crowd. Instead, Dr. Goodell simply devotes one month of every pastoral year, the month of January, usually, of every pastoral year, the month of January, usually, to evangelistic preaching, every single night, of the Gospel as he understands it. The service may be relieved now and then or embellished by the preaching of a neighboring pastor, but for the most part the doctor is his own evangelist, and his own missionary as well, for he spends the day before the night of the evangelistic sermon in going among the people and personally persuading them to the better life. Nor is he any respecter of persons at such times. His friends tell of an occasion when a self-made merchant and manufacturer, whose final triumph had come in the erection of a great business block, which was filled, floor on floor to the very top, with goods of his own production, which were there assembled for sale, had personally conducted Dr. Goodell through the entire establishment, and as he went, told the story of his business life. The minister heard him through with sympathy, even entered into his enthusiasms over each victory, and, when the narrator had finished, as they stood at the top of the store, on the very pinnacle of his achievements, as it were, asked him:

"How about God? And your duty to him? God, who may well this prepagative?"

"How about God? And your duty to him? God, who

gave you all this prosperity

Nor did the matter end with what might baldly sound like an impertinent question. As the minister asked it, the question was not impertinent; and there, amid the heterogeny of a merchandise emporium, the owner of it all placed his hand in the minister's and pledged him-

lf to walk toward heaven.
With the same simple tact and loving persistence Dr.

AM just out of State's prison!"
Dr. Goodell was in the midst of a revival service when a man stood up in the aisle and shouted words at him in a voice that was harsh with

excitement. The preacher paused in his discourse. The audience sat breathless and transfixed. Every glance was turned upon the man in the aisle. His head was bent forward. The muscles of his face were set. The beam of his eye rested steadily upon the face of the

minister. After a moment that was tense almost to painfulness, he repeated his statement and amplified it. painfulness, he repeated his statement and amplified it.

"I am just out of State's prison. I was guilty of all that was charged and of things which were never found out. You have been saying things here which are tremendously true or terribly false. You have been talking about some One who could save people from their sins. You said it made no difference how wicked a man had been if he repented; that his sins would be blotted out. You said he would know he was forgiven and the sense of condemnation and guilt would be gone. Now, if you are saying what you do not know gone. Now, if you are saying what you do not know to be true, you ought to be ashamed. If you are holding out to a man like me a hope when there is no hope, you ought to stop it."

A LIFE OR DEATH BARGAIN

AT THIS point, without appearing to cease speaking, the man's voice seemed to die out of him and he stood silent, but with the intensity of his pose unrelieved—and his hungry eyes searching the face of the preacher. The sincerity of the man obviously entitled him to every consideration. There was tragedy in the lines of his consideration. There was tragedy in the lines of his face and in the tones of his voice. He took some steps nearer, to bring himself directly in front of the chancel,

nearer, to bring himself directly in front of the chancel, and, stretching out his hand in a gesture of appeal, said:
"I want to know, sir, whether you believe that this religion you are preaching can save a man like me. You said that Jesus saved a thief on the cross. Do you believe that Jesus can save a thief now?" The man's chin quivered and his eyes swam as again the voice died out of him. The entire audience was moved by the force of his appeal. Dr. Goodell confesses that he felt it to his heels, but he felt also his faith rise within him at the challenge. He reached across the chancel rail and took challenge. He reached across the chancel rail and took the appealing, outstretched hand in his, saying, in a voice

the appealing, outstretched hand in his, saying, in a for all to hear:
"My brother, I have honestly declared a message in which I believe. I cannot afford to preach a Gospel that is not true, and I will not. I am ready to make this contract with you. If you will meet the conditions which are laid down in the Bible, by which a man may come to God, and you do not find salvation, I will never use into this nulpit to preach!"

again go into this pulpit to preach!"

Something like a sigh swept over the audience as they

Goodell could talk to a seamstress in a Harlem tenement, and generally he got the same result. During that first January of the New York pastorate, the minister writes that he "climbed so many stairs that if they had been placed end on end he must have been well up toward the moon. Yet that superimposed height would have been less lofty than the exaltation of spirit which he felt when the campaign was over, and he had proved

to his own satisfaction that God was the same in Harlem as in Brooklyn or Boston."

Dr. Goodell has been nine years in Calvary Church now. Its membership has increased from fifteen hundred to over thirty-two hundred, and it has long since

displaced Hanson Place as the largest church in Methodism. The influence of Calvary's pastor is widespread. He is the acknowledged authority on pastoral evangelism, not only in the

toral evangelism, not only in the Methodist Church but throughout the Protestant Church in America. "Dr. Goodell," said a Methodist bishop, "is worth a hundred thousand converts a year to Methodism."

The occasion of this remark is worth recording, for it marks another crisis in the life of this minister. It was when one of the great churches of Brooklyn of another denomination sought to call him out of the ranks of Methodism to become its pastor. The eminent laymen of the pas-tor-seeking church provided an elaborate banquet. When the flow of soul was at its highest they made known to the entirely unsuspecting Methodist divine that he was their chief guest and that they were gathered about him in shameless confession of having broken the Tenth Com-mandment: "Thou shalt not covet." They admitted that they covet." They admitted that they coveted the pastor of Calvary Church in New York for their church in Brooklyn; they wanted a spiritual leader, a congregation builder, a man's man; and they wanted—in short—Dr. Goodell.

The doctor was keenly sensible of the compliment paid him. He

of the compliment paid him. He expressed his deep appreciation—and pleaded for time to consider, and the privilege of consulting an intimate friend. Both were granted, though not with-out misgivings, by the covetous Brooklyners. The friend with whom Dr. Goodell wished to con-sult was the late John S. Huyler, sult was the late John S. Huyler, millionaire candy manufacturer, and a man who for the last twenty years before his death had given away on an average a thousand dollars a day. He was a man of good heart toward other men. His consideration extended all ways. Small details did not escape him. When it stormed he would look out of the window of his comfortable home and say: "It's a bad night for the boys on the street." When he thought of his woman em-

he thought of his woman em-ployees standing much of the time in their occupations in his factories and stores, he thought also of their tired feet, of swelling joints and burning soles, of aching callosities and throbbing bunions; burning soles, of aching callosities and throbbing bunions; and at the holiday season, when hours were longer, he provided free the services of a chiropodist for every woman of them. Huyler's life history in itself had been peculiar. Much money had made him a Christian, which, if we may believe Jesus and the evidence of our own eyes, is quite the opposite of what much money does for most men. Huyler's father and mother were loyal Methodists; but he, rich, young, convivially disposed, was setting his face toward the primrose path. The last hours of the year 1886 he had planned to watch out with boon companions in hilarious roistering. As he was leaving the office that afternoon on his way home to was leaving the office that afternoon on his way home to dinner at the family board in Harlem the bookkeeper handed him a check, saying that it represented his profits on the year's business. So great was his preoccupation with plans for a wild night that he thrust the check into with plans for a wild night that he thrust the check into his pocket without looking at it. After dinner as he started downtown again, he thought of the check, drew it out, and unfolded it under a lamp-post to read it. As he scanned it, his face paled. It was for a sum so large that it staggered him. That check pressed upon him an imponderating sense of the responsibilities which the New Year was bringing, a year which he had intended to welcome with wassail. He folded the slip of paper and replaced it in his pocket, but with more care. Thereafter, instead of going downtown, he turned his footafter, instead of going downtown, he turned his foot-steps toward a different kind of watch meeting. It was held in a hall by a group of men and women who con-stituted the nucleus of what is now Calvary Methodist

Episcopal Church. His father and mother were in the watch party. They were kneeling and praying as he entered—praying for him, the rich young man who had great possessions, he doubted not—and he knelt and prayed among them.

A FRIEND IN NEED

JOHN S. HUYLER and Charles L. Goodell met each other in the prime of life. They became bosom friends. To the minister the merchant went to consult about his most cherished plans of benevolence. Never once did he find in the advice of the minister one trace of bias or self-seeking. He learned to lean upon him as upon a human seek. When Dr. Goodell the trette of severting this coll. seeking. He learned to lean upon nim as upon a muon rock. When Dr. Goodell thought of accepting this call



The features are those of an executive mind. Patience and power are strangely mingled in them. But the spirit of the fighter bristles out of him

to Brooklyn, he considered the possible effect upon the friendship of himself and Huyler, a friendship the in-timacies and frequencies of which could then no longer be continued, and he deemed the disposition of his friend, John S. Huyler, a thing of vast importance to the cause of Christianity and of philanthropy. It was with him, therefore, that he wished to consult before giving a final decision. He laid it before him in detail, and said:
"Shall I take it, John?"

THE SPELL OF TRUTH

AND Huyler sat a long time sunk in his chair. He knew that the call which had come to his friend was knew that the call which had come to his friend was probably a greater opportunity than he would ever have in his own communion, such an opportunity as seldom comes to any man, and then surely but once in a lifetime. He did not want to give Goodell up; but, on the contrary, he did not want to be selfish; so he settled himself in his chair and tried to consider the wider interests of the Kingdom, after which he gripped the hand of the minister silently for a moment, and then said: "Go—if your conscience wills it."

But the minister himself was reflecting deeply, and consulting the wisdom of a still closer if less tangible friend, and in the end he found his conscience did not will it. He turned from the brilliant prospect, from

will it. He turned from the brilliant prospect, from service on a pinnacle in a famous pulpit with a great salary, and went back to ringing doorbells and climbing to the fifth floors of walk-up houses in Harlem.

Not the least notable of the qualities of Dr. Goodell is his preaching power. He speaks twice on Sundays to

the largest congregations that assemble on Manhattan Island. His church is at the corner of 129th Street and Seventh Avenue. The auditorium is a plain oblong, with the pulpit at one side and the seats placed so near together to increase capacity that one must assume the form of a boomerang to make one's way to the center of a pew. The church is a plain structure, plainly furnished, and the preacher is a plain man. His personality is singularly unobtrusive at the first. There were two ministers in the pulpit, and I found it difficult to decide which was Dr. Goodell, and was almost at the conclusion that neither was he. True, there was a forceful-looking person in the pulpit chair nearest me, with short bristling pompadour and a pugnacious chin. I looked him over carefully. His was not the face of a pulpit orator. The features were those of an executive mind. Patience and power were strangely mingled in

power were strangely mingled in them. But the spirit of the fighter bristled out of him. He was the sort of person you would have liked to have for a Subway or an "L" guard on Sunday night when the hoodlums started "rough-housing" among the re-turning pleasure-seekers; for he would have quelled such incipient riots single-handed. Later it de-veloped that this was Dr. Goodell.

When he arose to speak, if a Hibernicism be permissible, his Hibernicism be permissible, his rarely unassertive manner asserted itself. The man's voice and bearing were simple. He made but the slightest use of personality. There was no suggestion of magnetism. He made no quick movements. There was not one crackling wibrant rote in not one crackling, vibrant note in his tones. He seemed to be afraid of attracting attention to his presence there upon the plat-form. Only he kept on talking, and one must admit that his sentences began to be pungent. "The Practice of Religion" was his subject. He began soon to be saying: "Religion is the relation of the soul to God, and the prac-tice of it is the practice of the tice of it is the practice of the presence of God... God's regiment is not a camp fire or a ritual or a creed, but a good life growing into a good character... Theology is only a way of thinking; religion is a way of living."

Still, the man was disappointing. He plodded forward almost monotonously with his entirely uninflected discourse. There was no possibility of making an interesting personality story for

teresting personality story for Collier's readers out of such a preacher. I had been misled in coming to hear him. Away down in my heart a very unworshipful sentiment framed itself, a senti-ment which if vocalized would

ment which if vocalized would have sounded like that word of Ashdod: "Stung!" Yes, I was stung. I looked round upon the audience in a kind of sympathy. They were stung, too, poor people, and there were so very, very many of them; rank after rank of seats all full; the spaces back under the gallery full also; and the gallery, pitching upward on three sides of the auditorium, was banked high with pews that were filled, the women's hats banked high with pews that were filled, the women's hats blooming like some new hanging gardens. But reflectblooming like some new hanging gardens. But reflecting that these people had been coming here like this Sunday after Sunday for nine years, it seemed patent that they could not have been deceived by a false lure. that they could not have been deceived by a false lure. Then I fell to considering faces. Every eye was on the preacher. The hearers were in a waiting mood. They sat like candidates submitting to the attempted be-witchments of a mesmerist. They were going to give his spell a fair chance to "take" if it would. I turned to the companion at my side, who was also hearing Dr. Goodell for the first time, and found another pair of eyes that were fixed and motionless. The spell was taking in that quarter also.

As for the preacher, he had actually moved around on to the other side of the pulpit, and was stretching out his hand in a gesture. His eye had lightened, his voice had become animated; the flow of personality was apparent. For a moment these details were noted, and then I, too, ceased to see, and listened only. Once, by

apparent. For a moment these details were noted, and then I, too, ceased to see, and listened only. Once, by a violent wrench of the will, an eye was cast back over the auditorium. The people might have been figures of wax. They were listening, listening, listening! with all the souls of them listening! That is the word, listening: not to an orator, not to phrases; not stirred by illustrations; though there were illustrations; not moved by tions, though there were illustrations; not moved by sweeps of passion, though there was passion; not bound by a spell, though there was a spell; but listening not to a sermon but to truth, not to homiletic forms

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The Long Chance

By ANNESLEY BURROWES

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT LYNCH

ALLIGAN made no reply to the hail from the police boat. He set his steering gear and rolled easily over the gunwale of the launch and into the water. As he rose to the surface the crest of a breaking wave caught him full in the face. He coughed the spray from his throat and nose and dived, swimming under water toward the tall buildings he had been watching a minute before—their black sides flecked here and there by the lights of the city's night toilers. He rose again two hundred feet inshore. The night was pitchy dark, with a gale from the south. Halligan glanced back. He could see the red and green lights heaving as the police boat rose to the swells, and knew that his pursuers had boarded the launch and found their quarry gone.

Swimming strongly, two feet below the surface, Halligan felt the blood tingle joyously in his veins. He was free, for the moment at least. He had a fighting chance for liberty. He felt himself a man again. In a second's time there flashed through his mind a picture of that morning in the criminal court when a framed-up trial had lifted the guilt of homicide from the back

of Slattery, the precinct captain, and saddled it falsely upon his own. He remembered the twenty-year term which was as good as a life sentence, the two years of prison service, dark with heartbreak and humiliation, and then his escape. In five minutes he would be ashore. In five minutes more, given an open street, he would be amid his old haunts. He knew where to find sympathy and concealment.

concealment.

As he reached the surface again the breath broke from his throat with a noisy "woof!" He shook the water from his eyes and filled his lungs luxuriously with the warm, fresh air. He looked for the lights of the police boat, but they were not in sight. Instead, the piles of a pier arose blackly, twenty yards to the left. Halligan reached them in a dozen strokes. His groping hands found a place which had been roughened and torn by the impact of some heavy craft. With an exclamation of joy he reached for a foothold, and drew himself up into—a flood of light. He half turned to see the search lamp of the police boat bearing down from the right and to hear the hail:

"Hands up. We've got you!"

FOR a second he stood there, tall, broad-shouldered, sinewy; his jaw set, his Irish-blue eyes flashing back defiantly the electric radiance that shone into them. Then with a spring he was upon the pier. There was a spatter of pistol shots, and he felt a quick burn, as though a coal had touched the tip of his ear. Then he ran toward the shore. He reached the street with a lead of two hundred yards, but his exultant confidence was gone. He was in plain sight of his pursuers. There was a rattle of shots into the air and a chorus of whistles. He knew that within three minutes the police would be closing in on him from all sides. He ran swiftly. The rubber shoes he had found in the locker of the launch made no noise. The blue duck clothing gave no hint of the prison he had just left. A straggler or two in the dark street stopped in astonishment and stood aside to let him pass. He rounded suddenly to the south and quickened his pace. At the next corner he would turn eastward again and perhaps elude his pursuers. But when it was reached and he paused a moment, he saw the street lamp two squares away shining upon a policeman's helmet and heard the clatter of his heavy boots as he raced toward him.

AS THE men from the police boat rounded the corner, Halligan was still in sight. He doubled back to the west and then shot south again. He was afraid to turn again to the right or left, for flanking parties might be expected from either direction. His only chance lay in a straight flight. If nobody headed him for four squares he would reach a tenement, giving out on three streets. Within it there was shelter. The thought gave him new courage. Two hundred yards

The shouts of the crowd came up to him through the smothering heat. "Poor kid," thought Halligan

ahead the street ended against the high walls of a ware-house. Halligan reached this spot, broke to the east, and, fifty yards away, saw the glare of fire and heard the jangle of bells and the quick pant of engines. It was too late to retreat. His pursuers were coming on behind, giving tongue like a pack of hounds. The crowd was already gathering. Perhaps the confusion might help him. At the corner Halligan pulled up, stood for a moment, and looked around.

ALREADY, to the right and left, the police were stretching their lines. Ahead of him, across the street, were the burning buildings. The twelve-story loft building was blazing on two floors, and the six-story tenement next door was aflame in its first story. Down the tenement stairway, between the two buildings, the firemen were carrying a fainting woman. Halligan saw all this at a glance. He gazed around like a stag, dog-hunted into an impasse, and then, suddenly, his eyes fell upon a face that he knew well. In the same moment Slattery recognized him. He darted back, seized an officer's arm, and screamed: "It's 'Biff' Halligan. Grab him!"

Halligan went over the rope like a pole vaulter, and Slattery screamed again: "Pinch him!—Hogan!—Clancy! Grab him. It's Halligan!"
Halligan stood for a second in the full glare of the

Halligan stood for a second in the full glare of the fire, just as he had dropped, his shoulders thrown back, one arm raised, the flush of battle on his face. Down the street behind him came the hue and cry, a group of racing policemen with a shouting mob behind them. From right and left half a dozen officers were running toward him. There seemed no escape. Only the door stood open from which the fainting woman had been carried. It was a long chance, but between a slow death in prison and a quick one by fire Halligan saw little choice. He met the charge of the first policeman with a stiff arm jab that sent the man reeling. He dodged under the extended arm of the second, and crossed the street at a bound. As he tore into the hallway the men from the police boat reached the ropes, went over them like a knot of steeple-chasers, and came charging across the street. At the top of the stairs Halligan looked down. The entrance was filled with helmets. Then a tongue of flame cut the wall like a knife. It swept across the stairway and a volume of smoke rolled up at him.

At the head of the stairs was a door, and Halligan closed it with a bang.

HE LEANED breathlessly against the wall. For a few minutes at least the rush of smoke would be stayed. He ran to a side window and looked into the street. Already a squad of police were racing to cut off his escape from the rear. The smoke was pouring through the cracks of the floor. He could feel the wood crackling beneath his feet, and knew that in another minute the flames would be through. He ran up to the next floor, closing the stairway door as he passed it. Already the blaze was a terrifying one. During his moments of hesitation in the street Halligan had not thought of what the buildings contained, but now with a shock of realization he remembered. The first three stories of the loft building and the ground floor of the tenement were occupied by the International Chemical Company. The fire would be hot—and quick. In fifteen minutes the whole building would be a furnace—a volcano in eruption. He

knew now why the firemen had abandoned the interior when they had removed the last inmate. Again he ran to a side window and looked down. On the sidewalk a dozen men were stretching a life net. They saw him and motioned him to jump. For a moment he stood irresolute. Then the two years of his imprisonment rose up in his memory. The quivering jaw set itself again, and Halligan turned back. He opened the stairway door a little, and a blast of smoke rushed through the narrow opening. He shut it quickly and ran up to the top floor, closing the doors behind him as he passed.

The door leading to the scuttle was open. Halligan went up the stairs to the little roof house. The door of it gave to the rear. He could see a Niagara of water racing across the roof and cascading into the court below. Looking through a chink in the front wall, he could see half a dozen streams leaping toward him from the buildings opposite and falling in a deluge inside the parapet.

ON THREE sides was a sheer drop of seventy feet, with concrete sidewalks and brick-paved court at the bottom. To his right the wall of the loft building rose a hundred feet into the air, broken only by the many-windowed airshaft which cut a deep groove in the building's side. His eyes moved quickly, searching every inch of wall. There was no handhold within a man's reach.

man's reach.

Halligan dropped upon the topmost step. He pulled off his cap and mopped the sweat from his forehead. It

was getting very hot, and smoke was already coming up the stair. He wondered what his mother would say when she read it in the morning newspapers. He thought of Slattery's grinning face as Clancy and Hogan had leaped at him, and swore softly to himself. But, after all, it would be a quick death. The smoke was merciful. He would never know it when the roof opened and dropped him down into the blazing crematorium below. Twenty minutes ago he had been racing through the water with the breeze in his face. Only five minutes had passed since his feet had beaten the pavement in the street below; but he did not wish himself back. The worst that could come to him was better than the hell of worst that could come to him was better than the hell of wrongful punishment that he had suffered for two years.

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THE smoke came more quickly up the stair, and Halligan ran down to close the door at the bottom. His hand was on the lock. He was drawing it toward him when, suddenly, he stopped. From down the hallway, almost lost in the noise of rushing water, and the metallic pant of engines, there came something like the world of a motherless kitten. wail of a motherless kitten.

wail of a motherless kitten.

Halligan bent forward and listened. It came again, and his heart swelled and bounded with a strange terror. It was the faint, strangled cry of a child. "Ma-ma, ma-ma, ma-ma," it was wailing.

Halligan threw the door open and ran into the corridor. He stared forward and back, not knowing which way to go. Then the cry came again, from behind him: "Ma-ma!"

Halligan ran toward the sound. A glare of sweller.

"Ma-ma! Ma-ma!"
Halligan ran toward the sound. A glare of smoky light shot through a window, and in it he saw a tiny figure, tangled in a blanket, dragging itself painfully toward him. With a leap he was beside it. He lifted the child, blanket and all, felt tiny arms around his neck and a soft face buried behind his ear. Then he turned and ran back toward the door. He could hear the fire on the floor below. Every crack was spitting smoke. The door at the head of the stairway was blistering. Halligan shot up into the roof house. He slammed down the long trap that covered the stairway and stood upon it, with both arms around the child. A velvety hand crept up and stroked his damp face. "Pa-pa!" lisped the little one.

H ALLIGAN no longer thought of his prison or of himself. There seemed only one thing of real importance—that the child should be saved. He looked at the brown eyes, at the curling hair, and the soft curve of the cheek, and the fighting blood flowed up into his brain. He pressed the little one closer in his arms, then laid it in a corner and stormed out upon the roof. As he ran toward the front his foot tripped and he fell, crashing, upon his chest. With a curse he felt for the object that had thrown him, drew it toward him, and object that had thrown him, drew it toward him, and then sprang to his feet, holding it in his

hands. It was a scaling ladder.

He leaped to the roof house and seized the blanket. He twisted it into a bag, such as an Indian woman might use, and put the child in it. He tore loose some clothes-line that fluttered from a post and bound the bundle upon his shoulders like a miner's pack. He ran to the edge of the roof. Across the airshaft, almost out of reach, was an open window. Halligan raised the ladder, tilted it forward and jumped. The great hook of wrought iron caught the sill with a jerk that almost pulled his arms from their sockets. He hung for a moment to get his wind, He hung for a moment to get his wind, and then went up the rungs like a cat Behind the window was the stairway of the building. It was already full of smoke. To enter it meant suffocation. Halligan swung his ladder, caught the sill above, and a moment later thrust his leg through the window and rested. His only hope now was the roof. On the other side he remembered was an eight-story building. If he were quick enough it would be an easy descent—at the end of it, perhaps, recapture and prison, but the child would be safe. With a growl he swore it should be safe. He felt the light weight upon his shoul-He felt the light weight upon his shoulders and thrilled with the pleasure of it. He balanced his ladder again, and heard the glass crash above him, as the hook pierced it and fastened itself upon the sash

AS HALLIGAN dragged himself over the parapet of the loft building he faced the full force of the gale blowing from the south, and the air tasted like wine in his fevered mouth. He looked down at the roof he had left a few moments before. Already the roof house was blazing, and the fire was rippling over the tarred surface toward the rear. A blistering heat struck him in the face and he drew back quickly, pulling the scaling ladder after him. He rested for a moment before making ready for the descent, then hastened across the roof to the southern side. He leaned over the Sept. 7

parapet and looked for the building below. His startled gaze dropped the whole twelve stories and rested on a heap of blackened ruins in what had once been the cellar. The fire had been there, perhaps months before, and the building which should have helped him to safety—was gone. With a sinking heart Halligan let his eyes rove over the blank space. In the south airshaft the upper windows were already smoking. The lower ones were spouting flame. The scaling ladder which had brought him to the top would never bring him down again. He saw the handrail of a fire escape at the rear parapet,

He saw the handrail of a fire escape at the rear parapet, and raced to it. The iron stairs were there, but they led down into leaping flames. The rails were twisting with the heat. He ran to the front and peeped over the metal cornice—down into the street. Through the smoke metal cornice—down into the street. Through the smoke and flame he could see the engines sending up their quick, noisy puffs of smoke and cinders. Firemen were running here and there. From above they resembled flat, turtlelike animals, and Halligan felt a curious amusement as he watched their legs flinging awkwardly back and forth. The fire was in six stories now, and he could hear the detonations as the cases of chemicals exploded. In fear of these explosions all the ladders had ploded. In fear of these explosions all the ladders had

ROM the street and from vantage points in near-by buildings streams were being poured through the windows, but with no more effect than though they had been thrown by a garden hose. Halligan could hear the chief bellowing orders through a trumpet and the engines whistling furiously for fuel. He felt the child stirring at his back and swung the blanket from his shoulders. "God help the kid!" he muttered. "I'll let it breathe while it can."

while it can."

while it can."

The baby was crying when he took it out, making odd faces and kneading its eyes with grimy fists. Halligan danced it in his arms and in a moment it began to laugh. The small arms went around his neck again, and again he heard: "Pa-pa! Pa-pa!"

The words came to Halligan like an appeal. His eyes clouded and a dry sob rose in his throat. Was there no way? he thought. Was there no way? He fell upon his knees, held the child aloft as though to invoke the Divine mercy upon it, and cried out the Catholic's appeal for succor. He sprang erect and ran from side to side and from front to rear, seeking means of escape, and finding none.

finding none.

The fire was blazing higher, and the smoke whirled up thickly from below and was carried away in long plumes by the south wind. The heat was becoming stifling and Halligan wrapped the blanket around the child to protect it. He looked over the north parapet, and as he did so the roof below seemed to rise at him with a bursting roar. A volume of black smoke rolled skyward. Then came another terrible detonation, and

the freed gases went up in a whirl of red fire that shot two hundred feet in the air, and then away, wind-blown, in blazing streamers. Instantly the wind changed and in blazing streamers. Instantly the wind changed and came tearing down from the north, seizing the flames and the heated air and whirling them up the walls of the loft building like the breath of a volcano. Every window in the north wall was ignited and belching fire. A thick volume of smoke poured up from the scuttle, and Halligan rose from where he had fallen and kicked shut the iron-faced door. His eyes fell upon the baby sitting up in its blanket with wondering, appealing eyes.

THE sight frenzied him, and he threw back his head and screamed. He ran to and fro like a caged rat, seeking aimlessly for means of escape. He leaned over the front parapet, made a trumpet of his hands, and roared down to the crowd in the street, but the smoke hid him from their view. He charged back to the middle of the roof, flung his hands into the air, and shrieked to the sky. As he lowered his eyes they fell upon something dangling from a spike in the chimney stack. It was a coil of insulated wire such as electricians use.

With the glimmer of hope that it brought to him, Halligan became again his old, cool, resourceful self. He took the wire and ran toward the child.

Down in the street two policemen were holding a brown-eyed woman who was fighting to reenter the tenement building, and alternately begging the officers to save her baby from the flames. Away to the south Slattery was talking to the division fire chief.

"That's the end of 'Biff' Halligan," he said.

There was an echo of satisfaction in his voice, and the big ment leaked et him with a greater a decivation, of the said. HE sight frenzied him, and he threw back his head

There was an echo of satisfaction in his voice, and the big man looked at him with a queer admixture of curi-

osity and contempt.
"He was a brave man," he said. "He'd have made a good fireman.

A newsboy darted under the rope and pulled the chief's arm. He pointed up and cried: "Look dere!" An officer threw him back into the crowd, but the chief was looking, and the crowd's eyes followed.
"Good God!" cried Slattery. "It's 'Biff.'"

A QUEER, hissing groan passed through the crowd as the breath was expelled suddenly from a thousand throats. High above the street, now outlined blackly against the red sky, now hidden by the smoke which eddied across the roof, they saw Halligan. He was moving quickly, holding something in his hands. The crowd strained its eyes. There was a tense, breathless silence among them. The dark object left the man's hands and hegan slowly to creen down the wall.

began slowly to creep down the wall.

"He's lettin' somethin' down!" whispered the newsboy.

The chief started. "Gee!" he said. "Wonder if he's got the kid?"

Somebody heard and the word rippled through the

"He's got the child—its 'Biff' Halligan, the man that killed Casey. He's got the kid!"

The chief bellowed through his trumpet, and half a dozen men with a life net ran across the sfreet. The bundle was still coming down. Suddenly it stopped. A cloud of smoke rolled aside and the man, clear-cut against the glare was tripy something to the chimney was tying something to the chimney

'Hell!" growled the chief, "his line

"Hell!" growled the chief, "his line ain't long enough to hang a cat!"

The smoke hid him again, and the crowd began to cry for ladders, for life nets, for ropes, for anything that might save an imperiled life; prayers to the firemen, prayers to the police—everything of abuse, ridicule, and adjuration that a crowd could voice.

THE chief looked at the angry, fright-filled faces and spat impassively.
"They might's well be sittin' on the horn of the moon, for all we can do,"

he said.

The crowd groaned, and the pipe of the newsboy's voice was raised.

"There he comes! Gee! He's got a scalin' ladder!"

Halligan was sitting on the parapet now, his feet dangling over the gulf below. Away up, amid the smoke and glare, he looked like a pygmy. The hook of the ladder was well lodged on the brickwork, and the twelve feet of shank sloped downward, so that its end was a little distance from the wall below.

Halligan turned, planted his feet upon the rungs, and began to descend—toward nothing. He went down very carefully, very slowly. He straddled the shank at the last rung, and sat there for

see the search lamp of the police boat bearing down from the right

shank at the last rung, and sat there for a long time, busy with his hands. The crowd was holding its breath. Presently he caught the rung at his the rung at his chest and shook his legs free. He came



The Waitress at the Phoenix

By RICHARD FISGUILL

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

ATE," said her mother, "it don't look to me as if you ought to go to him just like you are, and with nothing else. I know when I went to your pa and he saw my things, he was mighty glad."
"What did you have, ma?"
"Right much. I had more than you'll ever have, I suppose whether and pillowerses and helster slips and a

pose—sheets and pillowcases and bolster slips, and a feather bed that had never been slept in, some aprons and a black dress, a whole lot of underclothes, and what I specially remember, I had two brand-new pairs of shoes. Your pa said: 'Them shoes will come in handy to go to church in.' Your pa always liked shoes. . . ."

They were squatting before the hearth, watching the

embers of a supper fire turn gray. As ash formed, shadows died. Then the cold came in, snapping as if it were alive, freezing this up, prizing that out, and making everything grow small. The two women went to bed. Kate's place was between her mother and the wall. She lay very still, to make her mother think she slept. But even when Jack, the toothless old dog, got to barking at a midnight moonrise, Kate had not closed her eyes. Her mother, meanwhile, coughed.

Next morning after the stock had been fed, while they were waiting for the biscuit to get done on the bottom, Kate asked of her mother:

"But, ma, don't you reckon he'll be glad to get me

just like I am?'

"I 'spec' he'll be glad all right, being as he's tolerable or himself. He'll be glad for a while, Kate. Men generally are. But when you get to asking him for two dollars and a half to buy some shoes to go to church in, he won't like it much. He ain't no such prime man as your pa was, and never will be; and your pa was mighty glad I had them shoes."

THAT day as Kate stripped tobacco in the barn, she wrestled with the question of her dowry. When night came, she had not solved the problem. She and her mother had their own place, but they were as poor as people well could be. They worked all the year round to keep in their possession ten acres of good bottom land. It was their home. They slaved for their ten acres, much as they might have done for an inhuman master. And the climate was inhuman down there in the rich creek bottom! Toward the end of October, while you were yet slowly roasting to death, you would see high up, hurrying across the sky, curious wind-blown clouds which the people called mare's-tails. This meant that summer was over. You might wake up next morning which the people called mare's-tails. This meant that summer was over. You might wake up next morning with snow on the ground, or the creek frozen over. And winter stayed till May. At some time in this last of the spring months, while snow flurries were yet whirling about, you would hear a clap of thunder roll down from the hills, like a visible bouncing thing; and next day your sweat went to swell the brook. No spring, no fall; hot summers, cold winters! But the land was rich down there, and Kate's mother had ten acres.

They had kent their place free from mortgage, paid

They had kept their place free from mortgage, paid the taxes, and lived ever since the death of Kate's father, eighteen years before. They had been the wonder of the neighbors. In this part of the country white women rarely worked in the fields.

"She ought to get her another man," the neighbors said, referring to Kate's mother. "A wid w woman can't work ten acres of bottom land and tend to her

But that is what Kate's mother had done. She had But that is what Kate's mother had done. She had gone on planting her four acres of tobacco and three of corn, and kept the rest in timothy hay, as her husband had taught her. She had a mule and a cow, and some laying hens and fattening hogs, just like other folks. Yet with all this she had barely come out even. There was always some sort of patching to do on the house or barn. Taxes had to be paid, whether the worms ate up her tobacco or not. A thousand and one things were forever costing good money—a pitchfork. things were forever costing good money—a pitchfork, for instance, a new plow handle, or one of those patent milk strainers which were of no earthly account. She had barely come out even. And she coughed.

KATE'S mother had preferred this sort of existence to marrying again. She had been asked twice—once by Joe Gibson, her husband's cousin, and then by Jack Clardy, who had liked her before she was married. To both she had explained that she cared little for but one single man, and that he was dead. Joe Gibson stopped speaking to her, and married fat Sally Forbes. But Jack Clardy, who was not worth much, kept single. He had twelve acres of bottom land, just across the creek from Kate's mother. He kept single, kept his twelve acres, kept his soul and body together, and kept also his affections, if not in the same place, at least in the same family. After liking Kate's mother, he was come to like Kate.

"You can go to him, child, if you want to," Kate's mother had told her. "He ain't a bad man, and he likes us both a lot. But after your pa, I just somehow couldn't go with anybody else. 'Tain't the same thing with you. Your pa wa'n't nothing but your pa to you, and you were too young to know him much. But he was my man, soul and body; and I'm going to be his, as long as I last. But you go and take Jack Clardy, if you want to!"

Kate had thought about the thing all one summer. And a blistering October afternoon, just before the

mare's-tails appeared, while she was gathering corn on her side of the creek and Jack Clardy was marking pigs on the other, she hollered over to him and told him she had made up her mind to take him in the spring.

"Then I'll come over to-night and sit up with you and your ma," Jack hollered back.

THAT is how they had become engaged.

But little by little, as Kate stripped tobacco this cold December week, she came to the conclusion that she ought to have some things to take with her when she went to Jack Clardy in the spring. One night after supper, when the time had come to talk and they were watching the ashes of the supper fire, Kate proposed to

her mother:
"Ma, if I were to go in town and work at something

for the balance of the winter to get me some things, don't you reckon it would be all right? The tobacco is about all stripped, and there ain't much else left to do. You think you could get along without me the balance of the winter?"

"Since you're

the winter?"

"Since you're going to Jack Clardy, Kate, I've got to get along without you some time or other. I don't see as it makes much difference whether you go away now, or in the spring—only the nights are awful long in the winter time, with nothing to do but listen at the creek freezing over and hear old Jack trying to bark. You reckon you could find something to do in town?"

"I 'spec' I could work for Mrs. Abernathy," Kate ventured.

ventured. Doing what?"

"Making up beds, sweeping the hotel out, and waiting on the table."

That's sort of low-down work, ain't it, for white

'Tain't so high up," Kate admitted. "But I'll get hold of some money and buy me some things, then I won't have to ask him right off— You know what you

"So've I," replied her mother. "I sort of feel proud myself about letting you cross the creek just as you are, and say: 'Well, here I am, Jack Clardy, and I wish you'd

buy me some shoes!"
"No, it won't do," Kate decided. "I'd rather wait on folks and make up their beds for six months."

SUPPOSE we sell Finis," her mother suggested. Finis was the mule, "And what'll you work tobacco with?"

"That's a fact. Then let's sell Bet!" Bet was the cow.
"And where'll you get any milk to make up bread with, and buttermilk to give the hogs?"

"That's so, too. And I don't reckon we could spare

any hens—"
"We ain't got nothing to sell, ma, but the crop of tobacco and some of the corn; and it will take all that

bacco and some of the corn; and it will take all that and more besides to pay the taxes and keep you going till the next crop. If I raise any money, I've got to go in town and work till I get it—for Mrs. Abernathy."

"All right. You can see her to-morrow morning, Kate, when you take her the eggs. But we'd better go to bed now. I feel awful coldlike somehow— And there's old Jack barking again." As she swept up the ashes on the hearth, and on her heart, she said: "That dog's getting mighty old to live! He's older than you are. Your pa got him just after we were married, and I named him Jack to show your pa I didn't care at all for Jack Clardy." for Jack Clardy."

They retired, Kate as usual lying very still in bed to

make her mother think she slept; and her mother, as usual, coughed.

Inwardly Mrs. Abernathy jumped at Kate's proposition. The last maid had just left in a blond drummer's company. Outwardly Mrs. Abernathy hesitated. She was another widow who had made good—better indeed by far than she would have done had not her husband finally had the grace to die. Mrs. Abernathy had run the Phœnix Hotel fifteen years all by herself, will the mentance and was now leading money at six paid the mortgage, and was now lending money at six

"But, my poor girl," she said discouragingly, "you

don't know anything about a hotel! You couldn't wait on the table to save your life. And if the cook got on a spree, you wouldn't know how to jolly my city cusa spree, you wouldn't know how to jolly my city customers along! As for that crazy young doctor who sleeps on top the front porch, and pays three dollars a day! Lord! Every morning he hangs his white sheets on the clothesline, and his rubber sheets on the railing; he takes the slips off his pillows, stands the bolster up, folds the mattress over— Why, child, you never would learn how to make up that crazy young doctor's hed!" doctor's bed!"

Kate did not say anything.
"What ever put it into your head," Mrs. Abernathy continued, "to want to work here in town?"
"Just to get me some things."

W HEREUPON Mrs. Abernathy indulged her widowed instincts at Kate's expense, and found out all about Jack Clardy and his prospects. When she had exhausted the short and simple chronicle, she remembered herself of good business methods, and carefully jewed Kate down, dollar by dollar and quarter by quarter by described by the short and small statement of the simple chronical statement. ter, until she had employed her for six dollars and seventy-five cents a month, the hours of labor to be fourteen every day except Sunday, when Kate should have to work sixteen hours a day, for the very excellent reason that good people sat longer at their meals on the Day of the Lord.

Kate felt grateful to Mrs. Abernathy, and set to work

with a will that had been nourished out on the creek in the bottom. She swept and dusted and scoured in a way that let Mrs. Abernathy teach a Sunday-school class. She waited on the table with an alacrity which upset the cook's good resolutions. But when the cook fell, Kate rose to the occasion and jollied the drummers so effectively that they would have eaten sawdust. When they complained of their food, Kate merely put her waiter down, wiped her hands on her apron, looked them straight in the eye, then threw back her head and laughed. That may not seem prodigious to you, accustomed as you doubtless are to wifely smiles and childish glee. But when Kate threw back her head and executed

a country haw-haw laugh, into which not an atom of sophisticated city suggestion had found its way, the complaining drummers —those benighted wayfarers, who for years had not heard anything brighter than a smutty story—they simply sat back in their chairs, a knife in one fist. fork in the other, stared an instant, said: "Great God A'mighty!" and then fell to. Yes, they would have eaten saw-dust. In their opinion Kate was potent. She was as clear a manifes-tation of God Almighty as any thunderclap which rolled along the creek bottom, or as any poplar tree which had thrived in spite of the Hebrew hell of heat and the Icelandic hell of cold.

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> As for the crazy young doctor, he told Mrs. Abernathy Kate was an artist. And he told Kate so one morning. He was sitting there on the top of the porch, watching her make up his bed. It was cold; but in his shirt sleeves he sat on tin roof of porch, his legs dangling down. And there was a look in his clear,

thoughtful gray eyes that reminded Kate of her mother —when her mother got to talking about pa. The young doctor did not speak to Kate, he watched her only. When she had finished the bed, Kate felt that she ought to say something, or do something, by way of letting him know that his aerial apartment was ready. Not being used to words, and certain that laughter would be out of place, Kate utilized a side-step she had once seen Jack Clardy execute for her mother-a grotesque sort side-step, which bore more resemblance to a rooster saluting a hen than to any polite gesture practiced among society mortals. But the crazy young doctor did not see anything incongruous in Kate's side-step. He jumped to his feet so hastily he nearly fell off the

Then he held out his hand to her, saying: "Thank ou. You are an artist."

Kate did not know what he was calling her, but she guessed it was something nice. She looked down, turned as white as a sheet, wiped her right hand on her apron scoured it, rather-and then shook hands as weakly as

—scoured it, rather—and then shook hands as weakly as if she had been dying.

Kate, however, was not dying; she was coming up. Till then she had been like a tulip under a brick. She was now being released. She got enough to eat, for instance; and that was a great big thing in her life. Brought up on corn bread, soda biscuit, and salt pork, Kate had never tasted mutton in all her born days, nor real either to say nothing of such delirities as injury here. veal either, to say nothing of such dainties as juicy beef-steak, sweetbreads, brains, birds, honey, preserves, brandied peaches, sponge cake, pig-foot jelly, almonds, raisins, pies, pudding, and a glass of cordial. She would not have believed there were so many good things to eat in the world. She fattened like an animal, became as frisky as a fattening animal; and one Monday afternoon, when she had gone out to see her mother, Kate laughed so loud that Jack Clardy heard her all the way across the creek.

She sure ain't what she used to be," he decided.

"She sure ain't what she used to be," he decided. And she was not. In the first place, she had lost her tan mask. Her forehead was white now, her cheeks the color of Mrs. Abernathy's cordial. And Kate's hair, which frost and heat had so long rusted, gleamed now like the back feathers of a young spring crow. But it was Kate's teeth—like the inside of a mussel shell—and her lips and her laughter and her friskiness that filled Mrs. Abernathy's rooms with lodgers and the dinner table with guests. Drummers who had been in the habit of going to some city to spend Sunday now stayed table with guests. Drummers who had been in the habit of going to some city to spend Sunday now stayed at the Phœnix until Monday. Kate's laugh was good enough for them. Kate, in fine, was the best investment Mrs. Abernathy had ever made. And the good woman cherished her. She gave Kate as much cordial as she wanted; and even she let her have a pretty set of furs, which the horsewhip drummer humbly and honorably beggged Mrs. Abernathy to give Kate with his compliments. begged Mrs. Abernathy to give Kate with his compliments

THE whip drummer was not prepossessing. looked like a knotty tree which had been struck by lightning—and an old tree, at that. In his long career he had drummed every product of the commonwealth, from Bibles to straight whisky; albums, for instance, he begged her to give him one good cut with her whip, she laughingly complied, and kept on laughing when the old wreck jumped halfway across the room under her smarting lick. It was the way she whipped up Finis.

HE old man would have died to please her. He would have died a thousand deaths to be young once more for an hour and hear a girl tell him that she once more for an hour and hear a girl tell him that she loved him. He twisted his itinerary, and spent every Sunday at the Phœnix Hotel; and every Sunday morning, just after breakfast, Kate whipped him round the room to warm him back to youth. She accepted his furs much as she would have accepted wages for plowing. The furs would come in handy when she went to church. Certainly Jack Clardy would never have dreamed of giving her money for such idle purposes. "You say he done give 'em to you for whipping him up with a whip?" Jack Clardy asked of Kate, one snowy afternoon she had come out to see her mother. "Course!" Kate laughed so gayly that the decrepit old dog, which had been named after Jack Clardy, came out from under the house, where he now spent his time dying. This other old wreck, attracted by the sound of

out from under the house, where he now spent his time dying. This other old wreck, attracted by the sound of youthful vigor, came out to see what laughter meant; and he tried to wag his tail. But Jack Clardy could not understand the psychology of the case.

"Blamed if I see what he wants you to whip him up for," he mused. "Do you see, mammy?" He called Kate's mother mammy. The elder woman did not understand either. Nor could she understand why her daughter laughed so much.

"You ain't doing nothing wrong up there in town, are

You ain't doing nothing wrong up there in town, are

"Course I ain't, ma! I just laugh and have a good time, that's all."

But what you're going to do," her betrothed asked, "when you come out in the spring and we start up to-gether? Lord knows you won't have no very good time out here with me—that is, no better'n what you've been having with your mammy all your life till you went to

work in town.

Kate whistled. She did not know what she would do

when she went to Jack Clardy in the spring. And what rendered the problem yet harder to solve was a thing which Kate had not dared to mention even to her own soul. This unmentionable thing was the young doctor's bed. Kate did not know how to analyze her feelings. never having pursued the study of emotions further than Finis, her mother's mule: Finis liked to meditate and wave his ears; but Finis's meditations would not plow a field up, and the graceful waving of Finis's ears did not keep grass from growing round a hill of tobacco. That was all the metaphysics Kate knew. But she was certain she wanted to keep on making up the young doctor's bed. He could do what he pleased — tramp round the country counting up the sick folks, sleep outdoors, swim across the creek in the winter time, and be as many other kinds of a fool as Mrs. Abernathy and the drummers said he was. But if he would only rumple up his bed every night and let her

every night and let her make it up for him next morning—why, then she would be mighty glad. That was all there was to it. And Kate did not see how she could keep on making up the young doctor's bed if she went out to Jack Clardy in the spring.

The young doctor talked to her now as she made up his bed. And though he frequently forgot and used words Kate did not understand, she gleaned enough to grass that over the hills, and far away from the creek words Kate did not understand, she gleaned enough to grasp that over the hills, and far away from the creek bottom, there was a world of which she had never dreamed, and which the drummers had sadly misrepresented. Not the big cities and bright lights—Kate had seen the pictures of all that sort of thing in the Sunday papers—but a world where people felt sorry for folks. It had never occurred to Kate that anybody was especially expected to the property of the cially sorry for anything on this planet, or that anybody was giving up his own life in an attempt to work out a scheme for the earthly betterment of humanity. Kate knew all about celestial betterment. And one day she asked of her young doctor: "Ain't you just talking about heaven? Ain't you just one of these preacher folks?"



This remnant of a man felt all the strength he had left go out in adoration for his laughing tormentor

nd coffee, fruit trees, churns, and preserving jars. Finally he was come down to whips—an enormous bundle of which he carried round as samples, and which he always took to his room to keep their crackers from being stolen. While making up his bed, Kate spied the big bundle of whips. Fresh as she was from Finis, her mother's slow mule, the whips fascinated her. The knotty old wayfarer came up from breakfast and found her trying one of his whips.
"You want a whip?" he inquired. "Take your choice,

KATE chose the most effective lash in the bundle.

ATE chose the most effective lash in the bundle. The old fellow was delighted.

"Oh, you know what a whip is!" he wheezed. And he tried to touch her. She bowled him over with a back slap of her hand. And this remnant of a man felt all the strength he had left go out in adoration for his laughing tormentor. Kate laughed as he scrambled to his feet, laughed as she pushed him aside again; and when

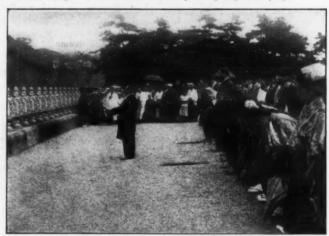


Praying for the Emperor

Just before the death of the Emperor of Japan the people of all ages, from all walks of life, met in front of the palace to pray for the life of their beloved ruler. On Sunday night the crowd came with lanterns and formed a dense mass of humanity from which rose the steady murmur of many voices joined in prayer. The picture shows a group of servant girls in the oriental attitude of supplication. The Emperor died on July 30 in spite of the pleadings of his loyal and devoted subjects, and the entire country was plunged in grief



Some of the more devout subjects of the Emperor prayed for six days consecutively. The picture shows an old priest praying in the hot sun and a young man who has stepped out from the crowd to fan him



Old and young joined in the national petition for mercy and in the national grief. This is an entire school which has come in a body to the palace. The principal is reading a prayer in which all are joining



Clarence S. Darrow Acquitted

After a trial of thirteen weeks and two days the jury acquitted Clarence Darrow on the charge of bribing George Lockwood, a juror in the McNamara trial. There was a scene of great rejoicing in the court room when the verdict was brought in. The picture shows the jurors congratulating Darrow. An American flag was run up on the Temple of Labor when the verdict became known on the streets



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Wardrobe





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The situation is like this:

Among the lesser cars the leaderships are pretty well decided. So among the over-powered, or cars at fancy prices.

But there remains this mammoth middle field. There are more cars in it than in any other. And no car dominates as yet.

Here centers now the greatest concest Motordom has known. Here exists the fiercest struggle to outdo the rest. All of which accrues immensely to the purchaser's advantage.

The Wanted Type

As things look now, the car which leads the Forties will be this country's most successful car. Nearly every motorist, soon or late, comes to want this middle type. That's why so many

Owners of small cars come to want something better-more power, more room, more appearance. Owners of heavy, high-priced cars come to want something more economical.

So the trend of all classes is toward luxurious Forties. The demand for this type has become overwhelming. And the chiefest ambition of the ablest designers is now to build the favorite Forty.

Cameron's Car

In the vortex of this contest, stands the Michigan "40," Cameron's latest car.

Behind this car stands an ideal organization -men, money, national repute-thirty years'

experience in vehicle building.

To build it, there's a model factory, splendidly equipped. There are all the modern facilities, and the ablest men we can find.

For designer-in-chief we have W. H. Cameron, who for years was the chief engineer of the Willys-Overland Co.

For designer of bodies we have John A.

Campbell, who has built the equipages of kings. For the man in charge of each important

detail we have sought the best expert available. And we have, above all, modest ideas about profits. We have been building for years on an 8 per cent margin. Michigan vehicles, for thirty years, have been the despair of competitors.

The crux of this contest will lie mainly in price. That's the chiefest way in which highgrade cars differ in these days.

Four Years' Preparation 5,000 Cars Tried Out

This is no field for mediocre cars. There are several cars in it which can't be greatly excelled. All are well built-some are splendid cars.

In no other class is there such a fierce rivalry among able engineers. No other cars are built so luxuriously-equipped so expensively-as the leaders among the Forties. In no other class is there such competition to outdo rival cars.

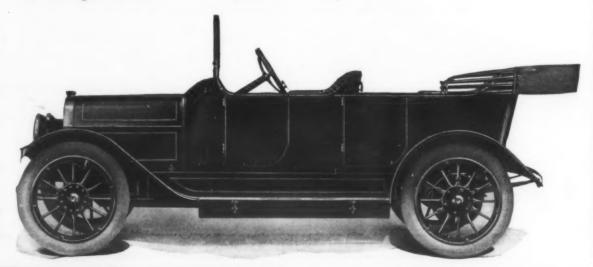
So we have spent four years in perfecting the Michigan before we entered this fight of the Forties.

We gathered around us the best motor car experts, and gave them ample time. They have built 5,000 Michigan cars, and have watched every car's performance. Since the start they have added some 300 improvements.

Last year the Michigan entered the front ranks. We could easily have sold twice our production. Yet this year's model shows seventy-one improvements.

So we have gone very slowly in this fight for supremacy. Now the Michigan "40," in every detail, measures up with the best of its rivals. And it outrivals all of them, in a conspicuous way, in the value it gives for the money. Any man who makes just comparisons is bound to agree with that.

Now we are ready to dispute this field with every maker in it.



Michigan 40 Price \$1,585

Completely Equipped

Specifications

Motor

From 40 to 46 horsepower. Cylinders 4½ x 5½. Three-bearing crank shaft with extra size bearings. Designed by W. H. Cameron.

Ignition

Dual system with Briggs magneto. The only magneto guaranteed for the life of the car. In case of any shortcoming at any time, magneto may be returned express collect, and it will be repaired or replaced with a new one, and returned express prepaid within 24 hours. within 24 hours.

Rear Axle

Pressed steel, flull-floating type, easily adjustable. 1½-inch chrome nickel steel drive shafts, four-pitch driving gears. Possesses sufficient strength for a 60-horsepower car.

Radiator

Latest improved genuine cellu-lar-type radiator.

Brakes

Extra efficient brakes, with drums 16x2¼ inches—internal expanding and external contracting.

Springs

The extra wide, specially graded Michigan springs make this car unsurpassed in easy riding qualities. Front springs are semielliptic, 36 x 2¼ inches; rear, three-quarter elliptic, 50 x 2½ inches. Believed to be the most comfortable springs ever used on a medium-priced car.

Frame

3-16-inch pressed steel, 4 1-16 inches deep, with $3\frac{1}{4}$ -inch flange.

Steering

Adjustable steering post, which can be easily raised or lowered. This feature, together with our adjustable clutch and brake pedals, insures perfect comfort to every driver. 18-inch corrugated steer-ing wheel, with friction spark and throttle controls.

Wheels and Rims

No part of any vehicle is m important than the wheels. T must stand up. So we use genuine Shortsville everywhere as best. 1½ - inch spokes are used twelve to each wheel.

Fitted with Firestone quickdetachable universal demountable rims including externing.

rims, including extra rim.

Body

Specially designed by J. A. Campbell, foremost body designer of this country. Straight - line body with extra room both in front and rear seats. Twenty-two coats of paint are required to get the lasting finish put on Michigan bodies.

Upholstering

Soft, hand-buffed leather of the finest grade, filled with best grade of curled hair. Cushions are 14 inches deep—the deepest upholstering, we believe, and the most comfortable, used on any car. No car at any price offers greater luxury in this respect.

Dimensions

Wheel base 118 inches. Width of rear seat, frame to frame, 60 inches. Width of rear seat, inside upholstering, 50 inches. Ample inches. Width of rear seat, inside upholstering, 50 inches. Ample room for three large people. Doors 20 inches wide. From dash to back of front seat, 54 inches. From back of front seat to back of rear seat, 50 inches. Depth of rear seat 23 inches—front seat 21 inches.

Michigan 40" Price \$1.585

Completely Equipped

Special Features Four-Forward-Speed Transmission

The Michigan is equipped with four-forward-speed transmission, four-forward-speed transmission, the most perfect ever designed. Di-rect drive on fourth. Many Amerirect drive on fourth. Many American high-priced cars have used the four-speed set, but the Michigan is the first carselling at a medium price to adopt this important feature. With this transmission one may secure much higher efficiency out of the motor at much less expense. Four-forward-speed transmissions are now found in 157 European makes of cars. It is the consent makes of cars. It is the consent makes of cars.

sions are now found in 157 European makes of cars. It is the consensus of opinion among motor car engineers that in 1914 this is bound to be a feature in most of the leading medium-priced cars. You getitin 1913 in the Michigan "40."

Oversize Tires

Oversize Tires

According to the schedule issued by the Tire Manufacturers, very few cars are equipped with tires of sufficient capacity to carry their weight. According to this same schedule, these tires give the Michigan about 20% over-tire capacity. The Michigan '40' is equipped with 35x4½-inch tires. Experienced motorists, more and more, are insisting on having an extra-tired car.

Electric Lights

Electric Lights

The Michigan has the dynamo system of electric lights. No lighting expense, no lighting troubles, ing expense, no lighting troubles, no tanks to be charged. The electric headlights are 12½ inches in diameter, and of remarkable power. The side lights are inserted in the dash and are flush with it. This lighting system on other cars, as an extra equipment, usually costs \$125.

Center Control

Left-Side Drive
The Michigan follows the latest practice, among many cars of the practice, among many cars of the better grade, by adopting the left-side drive. Thus the driver sits close to the cars which he passes, and on the high part of the road. No levers clog either front door. In high-grade cars this arrange-ment is fast becoming universal.

Nickel Mountings

The Michigan, of course, is equipped with white nickel mountings throughout. Experienced buyers now insist on this.

Self-Starter

There is such a difference of opinion about the various types of self-starters that we have not adopted any one type as regular equipment. We prefer to leave this selection to the buyer. We equip with either the gas or electric starter at a moderate extra price.

Over-Capacity

The driving parts of this carare l made sufficient for a 60 h. p. otor. This means, on the aver-

all made sufficient for a 60 h. p., motor. This means, on the average, 50 per cent over-capacity. Few other cars in the world have so large a factor of safety.

The axles are extra strong. The transmission has sufficient strength for an 80 h. p. car. The tires are over-size. The frame is 3-16-inch steel. The brakes are extra large.

Equipment

Best grade mohair top with side curtains and envelope complete. Windshield built as part of the body. Can be inclined at any angle. Electric lights and dynamo. Electric horn.

\$50 Jones speedometer—four-inch dial.

Firestone quick-detachable uni versal demountable rims, with

extra rim.

Special foot rail. Swing robe rail. Rear tire irons.

Complete tool equipment. Tool chests underneath running boards.

Four Speeds, Electric Lighted Over-Tired, 50% Average Over-Capacity Completely Equipped—for \$1,585

In this war of the Forties you get amazing values. There are 72 makers trying to outdo each other. They are giving the best features ever put into cars. And the Michigan "40"in addition to all else-is making a price which is wholly unmatchable. We defy any rival to meet it.

You Get the Benefits

Here's where this fight helps you.

No other cars are so splendidly equipped as some cars in this middle field. Cars at twice the prices lack some of the costly features.

No cars are better built, for hundreds of the ablest engineers are doing their best on Forties. This is true of others in this Forty field-just as true as it is of the Michigan.

This royal rivalry among masterly makers is bringing out the finest cars ever created. And prices have been cut immensely. Some oldtime prices have been cut in two.

You men who decide-you who buy these cars—are getting enormous benefits. getting Forties, splendidly equipped, at what stripped Thirties sold for but a short time back.

The Crux Is the Price

The Michigan "40" enters this contest with the best car Cameron can build. And no man has ever excelled him. We enter with a car which the ablest men have spent four years in perfecting.

A better-built car is impossible, and no maker, we think, will claim it.

To this car we have given extreme factors of safety. We have made it extra wide and roomy - fitted it with extra-size tires. Special attention has been given to comfort. The equipment includes electric lights, and all else that anyone wants.

We are giving all this, yet we quote on this car a record price for cars of this class equipped. That is where the Michigan will win, with men who make comparisons.

Note the Specifications

Note carefully the Michigan specifications. Note how each compares with other cars in this class. Note the width of the seats-note the depth of the cushions. Note the wide springs-the big brake drums.

Note the size of the tires—the four-forwardspeed transmission - the electric lights with dynamo. These are expensive features.

All of these details count for your good, and nine cars in ten skimp on some of these features. The only way to know what our price means is to consider each fact in these specifications.

Be Fair With Yourself

It is up to you to make rigid comparisons. There is no other way to be fair with yourself. Go then and compare the cars. Examine every detail. Test the cars in actual operation.

There is nothing mysterious about good cars -nothing not easily analyzed. Pay no attention to any allurements outside of provable facts. Let neither name or fame be used to cloud the vital issue. Cars which held the laurels last year may not hold them this.

We are facing new conditions in this Forty field. There is warfare on, and the man who chooses wisely can get values never known before.

Write for Catalog

We have issued a remarkable catalog, covering all the facts in question. Send this coupon for it-send it now. Then we will tell you where to see the car.

Michigan Motor Car Company, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Owned by the Owners of the Michigan Buggy Company



Michigan Motor Car Co.

Mail me the catalog.



The man who wears one of the new von Gal made Hats for Fall, whether it be soft hat or derby, can positively rest assured that he cannot be better hatted.

In style, quality, workmanship, finish and fit these hats are the highest embodiment of hat design and skill in manufacture. Ask your dealer to show you a von Gal made Hat. You are sure to find a style that suits your face and figure. He will guarantee you satisfaction in fit, material and style, and we stand behind his guarantee.

The New Fall styles include the smartest and latest rough, scratch and bright finish effects.

Prices \$3, \$4 and \$5. At your dealer's, or if he cannot supply you, write for Fall and Winter Style Book M, and we will fill your order direct from our factory if you indicate style wanted and give hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25c to cover expressage.

We are Makers of the Auros Celebrated \$3 Hat



Charles L. Goodell

but to an assimilable spiritual message. In the last ten minutes of that sermon such a witchery lay upon the people as David Warfield himself may cast; but it was all quite artless. They of Harlem who fill this church, some in silks that rustle, and some in prints that have begun to fade are a common human folk and rustle, and some in prints that have begun to fade, are a common human folk, and Charles L. Goodell is a common human sort of preacher, with the genius of sincerity and the sublime art of simplicity. There was no word of his that a child might not have understood, and no truth of his teaching that was not worth reflecting upon by the wisest of this world's savants. He scaled the mountain heights, but kept his feet upon the earth. Every element of oratory was there. The man has magnetism, rhythm, imagery; but all are subdued, restrained, harmonized, and blended. "Tell me," I pleaded of one who knew him well, "the genesis of this homespun oratory."

oratory."
"I can only give you some hint of it,"
was the reply, rather reluctantly given, a
reluctance evidently born of a fear of misleading: "Goodell, you know, is a man
whose every action and method must be
interpreted by an ingrained sincerity of

purpose. The passion to be sincere is with him greater than the passion to be cloquent. He is trying to preach not himself but his Gospel; as indeed we all are, but it is an obsession with Goodell. He has a natural instinct for literary polish and for the arts of the orator. They tell me that in his early days, so keen was his ear for smooth-flowing English, that his written sermons would scan like poetry; but he found this love of the art side of preaching made him self-conscious, found his fine phrases attracting attention to the manner rather than the matter of his discourse; and so, as resolutely as Demosthenes set to work to cure himself of his stutter, Goodell set to work to strip his oratory of its art, so that his people would listen to him without thinking of him."

He has hit his mark. How those people in Harlem listened as he said to them: "Goodness is better than goods.' To grow a great soul is better than to build a big barn. A white robe js rather to be coveted than a purple one; and if it comes to that, Jesus taught that a man had better beg for hered in this world than every for water in bread in this world than cry for water

To the Top of Colima

to get a bite to eat, give the horses a roll, fill our gourd canteen and—for luck—an empty olive-oil bottle—and then pushed on. The little ranch must be at an altitude of about 10,000 feet—the pass over the Nevado nearly 13,000 feet. Here we left the pass of the second little of the second little of the little of the second little of the little of the little of the little of the second little of the littl tude of about 10,000 feet—the pass over the Nevado nearly 13,000 feet. Here we left our horses—although it is possible to take them round by a more circuitous trail—descended the long shoulder of the opposite slope, into and out of several barrancas for a combined drop of, perhaps, 4,000 feet to the stretch of lava rock where we had come to grief before. It was my intention to get to this and, if possible, across it before dark.

OVER THE PASS AGAIN

EVERYTHING went smoothly, and not later than six o'clock we were off for the pass, the dentista in the lead, enlivening the austere solitude with "I wonder who's kissing her now!" The lower world had been shut away beneath a blanket of fog ever since we got into the zone of pines. High curtains of it now swent across the love and wrapping about swept across the Joya, and, wrapping about

blanket of fog ever since we got into the zone of pines. High curtains of it now swept across the Joya, and, wrapping about us, chilled still further the increasingly frosty air. And as they swept over and on again they left the sharp pinnacle of the Nevado black and glistening, with vapors swirling from its head, as if it were something just created, set there smoking and not yet cool.

At the pass we turned our horses over to the good-natured ranchero, who had plodded after on foot, with instructions to have them there again the following afternoon, and, loading the mozo with all that decency permitted, started the descent. The valley between us and the volcano was filled with fog, but the rusty cone itself showed above the smother like a great smoking heap of slag. The natural trail up it lies directly in front as you come across the pass, but between the innocent-looking timber and the foot of the cone is a sheer precipice of several hundred feet—a fact that cost us a precious hour or two on our first climb—and it is necessary, therefore, to follow the shoulder down to the left of the volcano and then return, across the field of broken lava rock.

There was still about an hour of daylight when we got down to the lava, and I was in the lead, about three-quarters of the way across, when it began to rain. There is a ditch between this lava rock and the precipice, with a tangle of shrubs at the bottom of it, and I scrambled down into this, hoping to find at last a partial shelter and to start a fire. The latter was all but impossible in the increasing downpour; in a disconcerting short time it was dark as Egypt, and the situation was not made more cheerful by the absence of the other two. After half an hour's howling, faint shouts came back and presently I could make out the mozo's voice—something had happened to the other man.

A NIGHT IN THE RAIN

A NIGHT IN THE RAIN

THERE was nothing for it but to climb out of even this unsatisfactory shelter, and I had just joined the Mexican when the poor dentist came stumbling along,

quite dead to the world. The twelve hours' steady pound, the altitude, and an injudicious gulp of brandy, which he had thought might brace him up for the last lap, had knocked him out, game as he was, and he was now seasick and trembling all over, his teeth chattering like castanets. Groping under the first projecting rock we could find—enough to cover the most of us with our legs doubled up and jammed down through spaces between the rocks—we huddled, thinking that presently the deluge would stop.

And there we stayed, a melancholy mixture of arms, legs, and packs, not to mention the dentist's dog, which, having been carried in his arms down the steeper parts of the descent, now burrowed complacently into the only really warm and dry spot in

carried in his arms down the steeper parts of the descent, now burrowed complacently into the only really warm and dry spot in the pile. We had no tent, but the dentist's blankets were fortunately rolled in a bit of canvas, and with this we made a partial roof—he groaning and gasping as if every breath were his last, the poor mozo, with not even a rock to cover him, huddled in his drenched poncho outside, heaving every now and then a lugubrious sigh.

The dentist slept a little breathing the while with a quite terrifying chatter and rattle, and I presume I did also, although it seemed as if the entire night was spent in shifting from one sharp rock to another, and now and then digging out a clammy tortilla, which the patient Mexican and I divided, ground up and swallowed with melancholy satisfaction. It was not ideal preparation, yet it is always reassuring in such circumstances to remember that, with plenty of fresh air, food, water, and a certain amount of repose—not necessarily sleep—the human animal, if not required to think, can get along like any other animal. He can digest anything, be soaked without catching cold, get up next day, shake himself and go on about as well as if he had tubbed and rubbed and dined and been lulled to sleep by a Balalaika orchestra.

THE TOP AT LAST

THE TOP AT LAST

THE TOP AT LAST

THE rain stopped before daylight, a chill wind moaned down from the black peaks, and just as soon as it was gray enough to see, we disentangled ourselves and took account of stock. The dentist had rolled on the water gourd during the night and broken it, and the mozo had lost the coffee kettle in a tumble the night before between two rocks. There were mouthfuls of water, here and there, however, on the flat surfaces of the rocks, a cupful in the olive-oil bottle, and an empty baking-powder can. With this we made coffee, toasted a few tortillas, and the volcano still looked possible.

The dentist was too shaky to try it—there was still the long pull back over the Nevado, and uphill this time, instead of down—the mozo had been encouraged at a critical moment the day before by the assurance that once across the lava field he need not try the cone, so there was nothing for it but to go up alone.

With the clouds coming and going and enough light to see one's immediate neighborhood—although everything beyond it

Essenkay Scores a Tremendous Success Punctures and Blowouts Ended Tire Bills Cut in Half

Essenkay—the wonderful, revolutionary substitute for air—has won enormous popularity. It is the greatest boon ever given motorists. Thousands of satisfied users heartily, enthusiastically endorse it. Dealers everywhere report tremendous sales.

Essenkay is Simply Remarkable

It eliminates the air-filled inner tube entirely.

It does away with punctures forever.

It spells the end of blowouts or slow leaks.

It means the saving of thousands of dollars in tire upkeep alone.

It cuts tire bills in half.

Remarkably Resilient

Once you put Essenkay in your tires you can go anywhere you choose, over any road you choose, with never a thought of your tires.

Once you put Essenkay in your tires you are agreeably surprised and elated with its smooth, even, easy riding qualities. You are astounded with its buoyancy.

Essenkay a Wonderful Substance

Unique, original in every sense of the word. There's not a drop of rubber in it. It can't rot, run or crumble. It is put into your tire in moulded cylindrical form ready for use. It doesn't have to dry or conform ready for use. It doesn't have to dry or congeal. It is not a liquid. It is impervious to heat, cold or the elements—impervious to acids, chem-

It Lasts Indefinitely

Nothing seems to affect it not even wear or tear. It is interchangeable in tires of the same size; as fast as one tire wears out it can be used

Last but not least, Essenkay pays for itself over and over again in the amount of money it saves.

Install Essenkay Today

You've had your share of punctures and blowouts. Why not end them forever?

You've had to spend dollar on dollar for delicate inner tubes. Why not save this money?

Your car is only as good as its foundation. Why not make that foundation perfect? And incidentally why not realize motoring perfection as well?

Is there any tangible, logical reason why? Get Essenkay in your tires today-now. Learn its many merits.

Essenkay—Sold Everywhere on Thirty Days' Trial

There is an Essenkay dealer within your ready reach. Drive to him now. Let him equip your tires with Essenkay. Ride on it thirty days. Give it every test you can. There's your actual proof. But—be sure you find an Essenkay dealer—be sure you get Essenkay—it's fully guaranteed.

The Essenkay organization is nation wide. However, should you fail to find the dealer nearest you, clip the coupon and send it to us. We will send you his name and address.

Better still, we'll send you the book "The Remarkable Story of Essenkay." It's the greatest story of the time and it's vitally interesting to you. Write

Essenkay Opens Enormous Opportunities for Agents

Our state agents everywhere are on the lookout for big, broad-gauged men to represent them throughout their vari-If you find that there is no Essenkay dealer in your town, and if you are the right man, get in touch with your state agent immediately. To save time, phone or wire him now. state agent immediately. To save It's an opportunity too big to neglect.

Where no state is mentioned in the following list, the territory has been divided among town and county agents. If you live in one of the unmentioned states and if you desire territory, wire us immediately. If the territory is still open, we will send you our agency proposition—but to take advantage of this you must wire us immediately.

ESSENKAY STATE AGENCIES

ALABAMA-The Essenkay Sales Co., of Alabama, P. O. Springhill, Mobile, Alabama.

bama, P. O. Springhill, Mobile, Alabama.

ARIZONA and CALIFORNIA—The Essenkay
Sales Co., of Arizona and California, 1038
South Main Street, Los Angeles, California,
ARKANSAS—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Arkansas, Little Rock, Arkansas.

COLORADO - The Essenkay Sales Co., of Colorado, 1242-48 Broadway, Denver, Colorado. COLORADO—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Colorado.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA and MARYLAND—The Fssenkay Sales Co., of District of Columbia and Maryland, 2 East North Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland, 2 East North Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland, 5 East North Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland, 5 Else Co., of Florida, 212 South Orange Avenue, Crlando, Florida; Greenville, Florida; 119 South Baylen Street, Pensacola, Florida;
GEORGIA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Georgia, 34 Luckie Street, Atlanta, Georgia.
KANSAS—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Kansas, Topeka, Kansas; Atchison, Kansas.
KENTUCKY—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Ken-

KENTUCKY-The Essenkay Sales Co., of Kentucky, 1148 South Fourth Avenue, Louisville,

MASSACHUSETTS and RHODE ISLAND—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, Motor Mart, Park Square, Boston, Massachusetts.

MICHIGAN- The Essenkay Sales Co., of Detroit, 809 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Mich-

MINNESOTA-The Essenkay Sales Co., of Min-nesota, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

mesota, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

MISSISSIPPI—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Mississippi, Clarksdale, Mississippi.

MISSOURI—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Missouri, 221-223 Admiral Boulevard, Kansas City, Missouri; 3029 Locust Street, St. Louis, Missouri;

MONTANA-The Essenkay Sales Co., of Montana, Helena, Montana.

NEW HAMPSHIRE-The Essenkay Sales Co., of New Hampshire, 725 Union Street, Man-chester, New Hampshire.

NEW MEXICO-The Essenkay Sales Co., of New Mexico. Watrous, New Mexico.

NEW YORK—The Essenkay Sales Co., of New York City, 246 West Fifty-Ninth Street, New York City, New York; Matheson Automobile Sales Co., 726 Main Street, Buffalo.

NEVADA-The Essenkay Sales Co., of Nevada, Goldfield, Nevada,

NORTH CAROLINA-The Essenkay Sales Co., of North Carolina, 4 North Pack Square, Asheville, North Carolina. OKLAHOMA - The Essenkay Sales Co., of Oklahoma, Fifth and Broadway, Muskogee,

OREGON-The Essenkay Sales Co., of Oregon, Portland, Oregon

SOUTH CAROLINA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of South Carolina, Charleston, South Carolina.
SOUTH DAKOTA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of South Dakota, Aberdeen, South Dakota,

TENNESSEE—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Tennessee, Madison and Manassas Streets, Mem

UTAH-The Essenkay Sales Co., of Utah, 14
East Third Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. VERMONT-The Essenkay Sales Co., of Vermont, Percival & Silsby, St. Johnsbury,

Vermont.

VIRGINIA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Virginia,
Newport News, Virginia.

WASHINGTON and IDAHO - The Essenkay Sales Co., of Washington and Idaho, Sunny-

wyoMing—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Wyoming, 1410 Garfield, Laramie, Wyoming.

FOREIGN AGENCIES

Calgary, Alta., Canada.

BRITISH COLUMBIA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of British Columbia, Victoria, B. C., Canada.

ONTARIO—The Essenkay Ontario Agency, 47
Banks Street, Ottawa, Ont., Canada.

SASKATCHEWAN—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Saskatchewan, Battleford, Sask., Canada.

MEXICO—The Mexicana Essenkay Sales Co., Ltd., Mexico City, Mex.

A Reminder

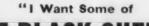
Write the Essenkay General Agent in your state for local agency, now.



THE ESSENKAY COMPANY 1091 Essenkay Building

CHICAGO, ILL. 2120 Michigan Avenue

CAR OWNER'S COUPON The Essenkay Co., 1991 Essenkay Building, 2120 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. I am anxious to have all the facts. Please send me your illustrated booklet, "The Re-markable Story of Essenkay."



THE BLACK SHELLS

"So do you. Here's why:
"What have you in the shape of cucum

bers?' she asked.
"'Nothing but bananas, Ma'm,' sadly re-

plied the grocer.

"Now, don't fool yourself into believing that THE BLACK SHELLS rate with the others just because they have the same shape. They are the quickest things you ever shot and they all act alike. The reasons are plain:



"The Flash Passage (the hole in the head through which the flame from the primer reaches the charge) is twice the usual size, so twice as much of the flame of the primer flashes instantly into the charge. This means a quicker and more complete combustion, because with a small flash passage much of the This means a quicker flame recoils upon itself.

"'Again, other primers are heavy mercury fulminate and light powdered glass. Just think of the difficulty of keeping such a mixture uniform. Common glass. Just think of the difficulty of keeping such a mixture uniform. Common sense tells you that some of the primers must be too strong and some too weak. THE BLACK SHELLS primer is absolutely uniform and is the result of more than one thousand experiments. But this is not all—ground glass absorbs 20% of the heat of the explosion, lowering the temperature of the flame; whereas the materials in THE BLACK SHELLS primer actually increase heat. You don't want the powder in your shell to burn slowly, grain by grain, but all in a bunch, and high heat and big flame are the essentials."

That's the sort of lecture that thousands of shooters are giving to their friends; but it is not the whole story. Send for our booklet and learn about the waterproofing, the hard, smooth crimping, and the solid one-piece brass of THE BLACK SHELLS.

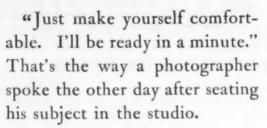


Any one of these five modernisms is good and sufficient reason for your using THE BLACK SHELLS exclusively

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.

Dept. 9

Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.



A few seconds later he said: "I think those will be very good. Will mail proofs to-night."

Clever photographers and fast plates and lenses have made having your picture taken a rather pleasant experience these days.

There's a photographer in your town. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.

To the Top of Colima

was as thoroughly shut out as if one had been on a fishing boat off the Banks—the ascent was merely a straight, stiff climb over loose stones at first, and later up a rather slippery pyramid. It was steep enough so that it was often easiest to go on one's hands and knees, but in no wise dangerous, and rocks jutted out of the gravel every fifty steps or so where one

dangerous, and rocks jutted out of the gravel every fifty steps or so, where one could pull up and rest.

The natural path which we had seen from the Nevado led up between the two cones to the saddle between them and then to the right up the main cone—roughly speaking, its eastern side. This side is solid and, with the wind from the east or south, comfortable enough. The west side, for a considerable distance down, is seamed and smoking, and, on account of the gases, if nothing else, impossible.

The height of the volcano is said to be

possible.

The height of the volcano is said to be 3,060.9 meters; about 12,872 feet. The Nevado is 4,334.57 meters, or about 14,087 feet. The cone proper from the lava field where we spent the night looks to be about 3,000 feet. There were no ashes and no difficulties other than you would expect to meet on a 35 per cent sand and gravel grade at 13,000 feet.

The isolation and silence, broken only by the thumping of one's heart and the unending whistle of a wind that ought to have blown the clouds away but didn't, the whole creepy mystery of the thing, with even the valley and the path up shut away now beneath the fog, was sufficiently interesting, and when suddenly a breath of sulphur crept down through the semiluminous mist the adventure seemed quite worth while. Evidently the crater couldn't be far away, and ten minutes later I pulled up over the ledge of rock to a summit almost as flat and smooth as a tarred and pebbled roof.

ON THE EDGE OF THE CRATER

ON THE EDGE OF THE CRATER

ON THE EDGE OF THE CRATER

THIS "roof" was a hundred feet across, perhaps, and from its inner edge dropped into what looked to be a dried-up lake, and was, apparently, a portion of the filled-in crater. The rock that jutted through this inner edge was hot, and from little crevices in it spurted jets of air, so hot that you could scarcely hold a finger over them. Here and there little threads of vapor came out of the rock along the inner side of the cone, and the air was pungent with a sulphurous gas, which every now and then, as the wind shifted, drove one back toward the eastern edge of the "roof" and even below it. The fog was too thick to see the other side of the depression or how near it might be to the smoking western rim; and the wind, which was from the east, made it impossible to venture very far in that direction. It whistled by at half a gale until it seemed as if the air must clear, and crouching in a little niche on the inner side of the cone where one could keep warm, I waited half an hour or so—shifting about as it became uncomfortably hot—for the fog to clear away.

shifting about as it became uncomfortably

shifting about as it became uncomfortably hot—for the fog to clear away.

From where I sat one could have looked down, had it been clear, as from the top of a pyramid, the whole twelve thousand feet to Colima, and possibly, if very clear, all the way down to Manzanillo and the sea. Northward would have stretched the broad valley, with its lakes and little white dots of haciendas, up to Zapotlan and on toward Guadalajara. It was disappointing, but the expedition was traveling on rather thin ice, all things considered, and I presently gave it up and started down. And none too soon, for we had scarcely started the long pull up the Nevado again when down came the rain.

MORE ICE-WATER BATHS

ROR an hour we pushed up through thick brush—"false pea," the mozo called it—which, when thoroughly soaked, was about as near to solid water as anything I ever tried to walk through. To dive headfirst into it, scattering quarts of ice water down one's neck, with the daylight fading and every step carrying us into colder levels, was fairly busy work, and presently got down to a matter of fifty steps, a stop for breath, then up and into it again. For if we didn't get back to the horses, we should have to spend another night in the open, and on the heights innight in the open, and on the heights in-stead of in the comparatively sheltered

valley.

We had been climbing for three hours, perhaps, when there came echoing down the long shoulder one of those wild cries with which the mountaineers call their cattle. The amiable ranchero, with a perspicacity he had not ventured to exhibit

the day before, had led the horses round the pass by another trail to meet us nearly a mile lower down. We clambered aboard like shipwrecked sailors—the cowman barelegged under his heavy grass poncho, thick almost as a thatched roof, plodding along on foot—and so, walking now and then when the cold became too intense, we crawled up over the windy divide and down into the sheltering timber.

The dripping woods seemed almost warm, and, after another hour's scramble through Egyptian blackness, a light glimmered, and there stood the cowman's little apprentice boy in the doorway of the hut, waving a blazing splinter of pine.

A MEXICAN PEON'S HOME

A MEXICAN PEON'S HOME

hut, waving a blazing splinter of pine.

A MEXICAN PEON'S HOME

I was the regulation country peon's home—one room, made of poles driven into the ground as closely together as possible, with a thick overhanging, grass-thatched roof. In one corner, between two stones, was the little fire which baked tortillas, stewed beans, and warmed the family during the cold mountain nights. You huddle round this little blaze, the smoke gets out where it may, and it is surprising, if you but keep near the floor, how little it bothers you. This was the fifth night I had accepted the good-natured mountaineer's hospitality, and the pine torch blazed through the rain like the lights at home.

We were still a day's journey from dry clothes and a bed, but we were out of the wet; plenty of tortillas were piled on a hanging shelf away from dogs and cats; the pot of beans, almost as much a fixture as fire itself in such homes, steamed in the ashes, and with the few canned things we had left behind us on the way up, the repast soon assumed the air of a banquet. We dragged off our soaked boots and clothing and partially dried and wholly smoked them by holding each piece directly over the little tongue of flame. There was coffee enough for everybody, tinned sausages, which the dentist's wife had put up—blessed be she and the Chicago packer who had the ingenuity to devise such convenient delicacies!—and all in all it was genial enough.

It is at moments like these that one appreciates the humble tortilla. Made of ground corn and water, and baked about the size and thickness of a thin buckwheat cake, it is as portable—and almost as tough—as so much leather. When you want to eat them you drop them on the coals, let them puff up, grow crisp on the outside and soft within, blow the ashes off, and then, if eaten at once, they are not only good but have, as our mozo sagely observed, "mucho resistencia."

THAWING OUT AT "THE JEWEL"

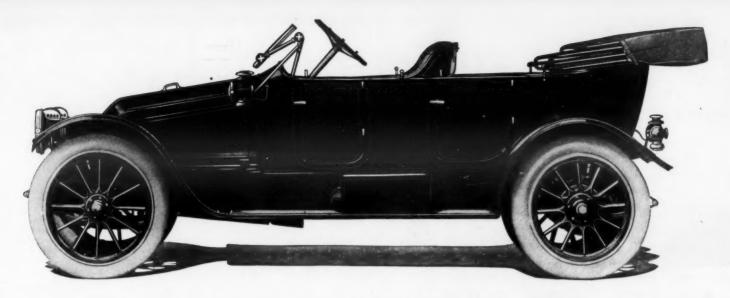
observed, "mucho resistencia."

THAWING OUT AT "THE JEWEL"

OUR friend, the cowman, had fresh milk and cheese in addition to the two Mexican staples, tortillas and beans; and at the moment, at least, that was all he did have—neither vegetables nor meat nor trimmings of any sort, not even sugar. It seemed a lonely enough life, away up here in the chilly levels, where it is always cold except when the sun is out, with nothing to do but watch his cattle by day and shiver in his poncho over a little wisp of blaze at night. Yet, of course, as men of his class go, he was fortunate. He could scarcely have found a healthier spot; the clear mountain air and splendid scene were always his, and although he had no one to talk to, except the icemen jogging past with their burros two or three times a week, also he had no one to order him round. And the twenty-five cents and measure of barley he received every day from the hacienda was almost munificent.

The poor mozo who came up with us received for the entire trip, as I afterward learned, one solitary peso—fifty cents in our money. For this he light-heartedly undertook to do three days of the hardest kind of work, during a considerable part of which he carried on his own back all that he could comfortably stagger under. Except for a few tortillas, he started off without a scrap of food, and except for his thin poncho, neither bed nor blanket. For two hours we thawed out about that little fire, while the apprentice boy from Zapotlan, in his ragged little poncho, with bare sandaled feet as black and leathery, almost, as an ostrich's, watched everything with bright eyes, and, without a word or a smile, kept the pine-knot candles lit, and, when the wood gave out, went out into the rain for more. The mountaineer listened to our adventures with flattering interest—he and the mozo exchanging more intimate gossip in their curious, windy singsong—and now and then put in a

intimate gossip in their curious, windy singsong-and now and then put in a



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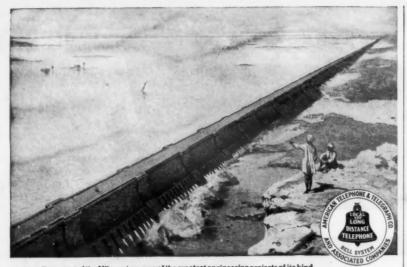
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To the Top of Colima

word of his own as to whether we had seen anything to shoot or how much a rifle would cost in our country.

Adjoining his chilly hut was a sort of log house de luxe with its cracks filled—the home of his wife, it appeared, on those rare occasions when she came up from Zapotlan. There were some women's things in a little soap-box trunk, a regular pillow stuffed with cotton, which the dentist's scientific training compelled him to avoid, but which suited me exactly. There was also a sleeping mat in one corner, a

tist's scientific training compelled him to avoid, but which suited me exactly. There was also a sleeping mat in one corner, a few lithographs cut from advertising calendars, and over the doorway pictures of the saints and the legend: "Esta casa cristiana y honrada no admitte periodicos ni obras impresas qui pugnen con la religion. Bendita sea Dios"—(this Christian and honorable house will not admit newspapers or other printed matter which conflicts with religion. Blessed be God).

The ranchero politely ushered us into this comparative palace, as he had done on the other nights, and there we slept the sleep of the battered until the first streaks of dawn. The pocket in the hills was superb at this hour—the stars still hanging low like electric lights, the black pines climbing up all about, the Nevado shooting far above them to catch the first warm pink of day. A gourdful or two of warm milk instead of coffee—nectar which seemed made of sunshine and the vivid air of the pines—more tortillas, and so on down the trail to Zapotlan. The little boy, his term of service over apparently, trotted along beside us bright-eyed and silent as ever.

IN THE SHADOW OF COLIMA

IN THE SHADOW OF COLIMA

THE bells were clanging as we rode into Zapotlan that noon. Sunday and a fête day had brought all the red blankets out; there was a procession in the plaza, and overhead in the chilly mists bombs exploded every now and then with a disconcerting bang. The dentist's incomparable wife had dinner ready for us—one of those unexpected feasts which make the gilded restaurants of far-away cities appear about as important as a Turkish bath must seem to a parched traveler who has just discovered an oasis in the desert—and after that I caught the train and rode down out of the clouds again to Colima.

It was a midsummer evening when we got there and the band was playing again in the plaza. As the tramcar with its galloping mules—the coming of the train is an event in Colima—rocked through the narrow streets toward the center of town, it seemed as if the pines and frosty silence of the morning were on some other earth. Once we bounced past a church—a white blaze through lofty, opened doors, within which hung two curtains of blue satin, apparently from the roof, and framed in these the twinkling altar and kneeling worshipers. In barred window seats, opening on the street, with the flowers and orange trees of the patio dimly suggested behind them, soft-voiced girls chatted or looked at the night, themselves white and flowerlike in the dusk. Now and then we

galloped past the lighted doorway of a shop. The excellent proprietor sat bent over his accounts within—bare, white-washed walls, candles, a crucifix. It was like a scene at the opera. And people live in these places and work there. This is their humdrum every day. One wonders at times why anyone inhabits an impersonal boiler factory like New York.

WHAT IS KNOWN OF THE VOLCANO

WHAT IS KNOWN OF THE VOLCANO

SOME dry, bright February—loosely speaking, the dry season is from October to May—I hope to climb down into that valley between the Nevado and the cone, prepared to stay awhile and really see what is there. Anyone used to roughing it a little will find it a delightful winter's excursion. If time presses he can do it, as we did, in three days, but more people would prefer to take longer and climb the Nevado as well.

In spite of the genial assurance of your hotel proprietor or mule man at Colima or Zapotlan that no one has climbed to the top of the volcano, it has, as a matter of fact, been ascended a number of times. How many, indeed, of those places in which "no white man has ever set foot" were known to Spanish missionaries centuries ago and are painstakingly described in the forgotten notes of some near-sighted German scientist! An active volcano has, however, this advantage as an object of exploration—it can be discovered over and over again.

A German, Karl Pieschel, climbed Colima in 1852, and two Frenchmen, Dollfus and Montserrat, climbed it in 1866. Then came the big eruption of 1869 with its new cone and field of lava, the eruption of

and Montserrat, climbed it in 1866. Then came the big eruption of 1869 with its new cone and field of lava, the eruption of 1885, and it was quite another Colima that the two Mexican geologists, Aguilera and Ordonez, tried unsuccessfully to ascend from the southern side in 1894. When some of the delegates to the International Geological Congress at Mexico City—including Dr. E. O. Hovey, curator of geology in the American Museum of Natural History, New York—made an ascent in 1906, the cone had again been changed by the eruption of 1903.

History, New York—made an ascent in 1906, the cone had again been changed by the eruption of 1903.

Apparently the eruption of 1911 made no changes in the crater. The nearest photograph that I could take was from the shoulder of the Nevado, and the fog stopped my pictures at the lava floe which twice stopped us. The pictures of the crater used here were taken by Mr. C. B. Rogers of Ocotlan, Mexico, and Mr. Sumner Mattison of Madison, Wisconsin, both of whom have been to the top of the volcano. Somewhere in that exasperating stretch of lava rock the next adventurer ought to find "proofs" in the shape of a mackintosh—first cut off at the waist and finally hurled entirely away. And in Zapotlan there is a mozo to whom all are referred. He had not been at home more than half an hour before he was telling how his gringo companion had not only climbed to the top of the crater but planted a cross there, and by this time his story should be well worth hearing.

The Long Chance

down, hand under hand, until he hung from the lowest rung, swinging over the dizzy space beneath.
"He's goin' to drop!" screamed the

newsboy.

The brown-eyed woman gave a sharp, dry shriek, and fainted. Then Halligan

The brown-eyed woman gave a sharp, dry shriek, and fainted. Then Halligan let go.

Half the people shrank and shut their eyes, but when they opened them the man was still there. He was two feet below the ladder, with his arm around the child, dangling by the length of a clothesline, which he had fastened to the rung.

The crowd cheered, the deep voices of the men cut by the shrill cries of women. The chief roared out:

"Ain't he the man? Only just one chance in a million—and he grabbed it."

"When the fire comes through the roof it'll get 'em," rumbled Slattery.

"The fire won't come through the roof," exulted the chief. "There ain't much to burn in the top loft, and the roof's brick. It's just like a big kitchen range. You could broil a steak on top of it and sit alongside and scarcely even scorch."

But Halligan, swinging dizzily by his scrap of clothesline, with the red sky above and a heap of jagged masonry nearly two hundred feet below, was scorching.

The heat and smoke from the gutted tenement, carried by the gale, swept across the roof and over his head in a blistering torrent. Fifty feet to the left was the airshaft, with every window vomiting fire. Fifty feet to the right the flames from the rear windows were eddying round the corner of the building. The three currents seemed to Halligan to be focused on him. The lines of hose had been withdrawn to protect other property, and the fire, unchecked and beyond control, was roaring through the long lofts and eating up the piles of merchandise like the charge of a blast furnace.

Halligan's face burned. The collar button burned his throat. The heat went through the rubber soles and burned his feet. He looked up at the red, lurid sky, and the volumes of smoke rolling above his head. The shouts of the crowd came up to him faintly through the smothering heat.

"Poor kid!" thought Halligan. "I won-

ing heat.
"Poor kid!" thought Halligan. "I wonder how it's feeling inside five layers of

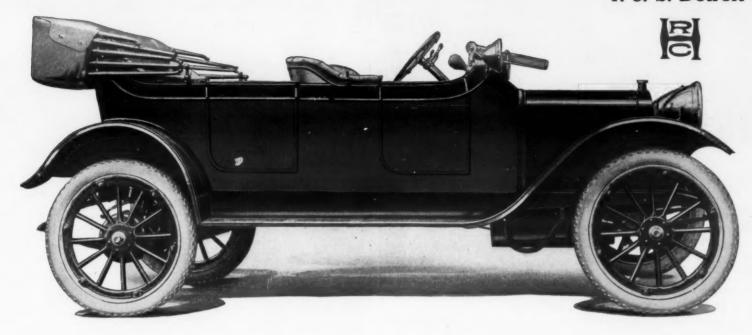
der how it's feeling historia.

He thrust his hand into the pocket of his jumper and found a knife. He cut a slit in the bag and thrust in his arm. He groped gently for the child's hand. It closed about his thumb. He withdrew his arm, and as the heat rose for

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The Long Chance

a moment and a breath of cooler air came from below, Halligan opened the vent and tried to fan a little air through it. After that he watched for those rare moments, giving the baby a little freshness and then closing the bag again as the heat and smoke were forced down upon him by the wind's pressure. He turned his red, parched eyes up to the red sky and prayed that the wind might change.

HE put out his hand, touched the building, and dnew it back quickly. The wall was giving off heat like a stove. He could feel his face blistering. The thin rope pressed heavily on his chest and, as he twisted in the air, it cut into his skin. He was growing faint now. The noises from the street seemed very far away. He reached out feebly and touched the child.

He reached out feebly and touched the child.

"God save it!" he muttered.

A cool air came up from below and fanned his forehead. He looked up indifferently and saw that the smoke was rising straight up. A puff of air from the south moved his hair, and a sensation of comfort stole over him.

"The wind is changing," he thought lazily. Then he went to sleep.

An hour later the windows were black and smoking slowly. A heavy rain was falling, and the firemen, dragging lines of hose, were slowly fighting their way from floor to floor of the loft building, dousing out the embers of the fire and flooding the heaps of smoldering merchandise.

The division chief caught the eye of a lieutenant as he hurried by. He jerked his thumb to where Halligan and the little bundle were still swinging.

"Get 'em down!" he commanded tersely. The lieutenant called two men. A minute later two of them were swarming up a scaling ladder fixed to a window of the air shaft, while a third paid out the rope that was to bring Halligan and his baby to earth again.

to earth again.

that was to bring Halligan and his baby to earth again.

I'T was a very long dream that Halligan was having—very long and very pleasant, though shot with physical pain, of which he did not know the reason. There was a bright little room in it, with pictures on the wall. There was a baby—a nice baby, which seemed quite natural, although Halligan couldn't quite make out what he could have to do with babies. There were a pair of brown eyes that interested him very much and that presently connected themselves with a great deal of dark, golden hair, and with a face pale and a little worn, but with a look of sweetness in it that seemed very unusual to Halligan—very unusual but strangely comforting. Sometimes there was a big red-faced man, in blue and gold, who had a loud, rumbling voice, and who shook hands with him a great deal. Halligan liked him, too, but wished he wouldn't shake hands so much. Chiefly, however, he liked the brown eyes and the hair, and the baby was nice, too. Yes, he liked the baby. The dream lasted for a very long time, and then, suddenly, Halligan awoke.

There was a white-gowned nurse bend-

the baby was nice, too. Yes, he liked the baby. The dream lasted for a very long time, and then, suddenly, Halligan awoke.

There was a white-gowned nurse bending over him, and behind her he saw the brown eyes—under a widow's veil. He saw them become alive with quick happiness, and then cloud again. The brown eyes were weeping. In his dream he had seen them weeping, and always he had wished very much to kiss away the tears from the pale cheeks. She lifted the baby and held it toward him. He put out a weak hand and touched it.

Halligan felt a hot blush through his neck and face. He felt very awkward. He did not know what to say.

"This is it, hey?" he stammered. "It's got through, hey?"

He stroked the baby's hands. The nurse was holding a newspaper toward him, and he caught a headline stretching across three columns of black type:

HALLIGAN, THE FIRE HERO

HALLIGAN, THE FIRE HERO Pardoned by the Governor Returns No More to Prison

"Gee!" exclaimed Halligan, "I forgot bout the-the-that!"

about the—the—that!"
The nurse was pointing to a smaller heading, and Halligan was reading greedily:
"Job in Fire Department Provided for Hero. The Division Fire Chief Declares His Belief in 'Biff' Halligan's Innocence."
Halligan looked up into the brown eyes, and something very sweet flashed between them. The chiid's arms were round his neck. It crowed happily:
"Pa-pa, pa-pa!"

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The Waitress

(Continued from page 21)

Here the young man's words became so long that Kate was lost. One word especially worried her. It was always cropping out in his talk.

Finally she took her courage in both hands, inquiring, just as the young doctor let the big word slip:
"Now just what sort of pisen is that?"
"What do you mean?"
"I mean what you're talking about."
"Tuberculosis?"
"Yes."

"Yes."

"Why, it's consumption—where you cough and cough. I used to have it myself. I weighed only ninety pounds three years ago. And just look at me now. . . ."

KATE looked, as the stalwart young doctor squared his two hundred pounds of bone and muscle.

She watched him slowly inflate his capacious lungs. He was looking straight at her, she straight at him; and as he sucked the air into his lungs, Kate felt as if she herself were being dragged along with the air into his broad, slowly rising bosom.

rising bosom.

Kate, therefore, wished to keep on making up the young doctor's bed.

Then there was another thing which was pulling at her—a thing equally as incomprehensible as the spell which emanated from the young doctor's bed. Kate got to feeling sorry herself. She began to think about her mother.

"Ma's got that thing he talks about so much," she finally decided. Outwardly Kate had always cherished her mother. She had always made her mother take the

She had always made her mother take the

She had always made her mother take the brownest biscuit, the leanest slice of bacon, and the place in bed that was farthest away from the cold cracks in the wall. But Kate had not carried altruism much further.

Under the young doctor's influence, Kate's soul began to come up.

"That funny look of his," she established, "makes me 'shamed of myself for ma!"

It should be said that the young doctor's whole philosophy of life seemed to be synthesized in the look of human sympathy which glowed in his clear gray eyes. This look was so different from a piercing six-per-cent look that Mrs. Abernathy and the drummers had instantly set the young man down as a lunatic—three days before the drummers had instantly set the young man down as a lunatic—three days before they learned that the only business he had was to tramp round the country and count up the sick folks.

"Wheels," said the drummers.

"God help him!" Mrs. Abernathy prayed.

JUST how many different kinds of a lunatic they would have made the young doctor out, had they known that he was the wealthy proprietor of the largest sanitarium in the State, Heaven only knows! For, after all, sanity and insanity largely depend upon the tribe to which you belong

depend upon the tribe to which you belong.

Kate was of the young doctor's tribe. She was amenable to his look. When he fixed his clear gray eyes upon her, Kate did not see a young man; she saw a tremendous human heart, an eternal soul, in fine; and she swept past the creek bottom, over the hills and far away, into a world which made her pant, which made her carry both hands to her breast and lean toward him—in a gesture of such perfect grace that the young doctor to save his life could not keep from reaching out and putting his hand on her shoulder.

"You are an artist."

And Kate, crying at night up in her lit-

"You are an artist."

And Kate, crying at night up in her little black cutty at the Phœnix Hotel as she thought of her mother out there in the creek bottom—crying as in her mind's eye she saw her mother squatting all alone before the dying embers of a supper fire—crying as she heard her mother cough—cried, too, on account of the other thing; and I wonder what the new Almighty of modern higher criticism thought as Kate every night asked her poor old-fashioned personal country God please to let her keep on making up the please to let her keep on making up the young doctor's bed!

BY day Kate had to laugh: that was a part of her duties at the Phœnix Hotel. She had to jolly the drummers along, and make them eat sawdust if need he. And there was that old whip drummer to whip—of a Sunday morning, he it said, while Mrs. Abernathy was teaching a Sunday-school class. Kate became downcast. It looked to her as if she had come up out of the ground, only to be blasted. She had caught a glimpse of a promised land which she should never reach.



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my right hand how to do it.
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"I scarcely know how I do it all, for my mind is not working. Only

my feelings are in action. "I'm playing there with my eyes closed. My feelings have wandered away — away into sunny Southern plantations before the war. I can see 'Old Black Joe,' woolly gray, ebony black, aged, stooped, feeble, leaning on his cane and singing sorrowfully:

'I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low; I hear those gentle voices calling 'Old Black Joe.'

"I'm not conscious of the player at all. I hardly know it is there, for I am not there. I'm afar off with a spirit — the spirit of the music — the spirit of the southern darkies and old plantations before the war.

"I do not want to know that the player is there. Just let me feel this ecstasy of feeling so long as it lasts.

"I strike the last chord. I open my eyes to ask the folks how they like it. I do not need to ask. Tears are in their eyes. The tears answer for them. (NAME ON REQUEST.)

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Reason is wonderful, especially in business and science, but when we want to be happy and joyous, oh give us the things which Instinct makes—noble books, great paintings, thrilling music. Rery beautiful thing, including music, was born of Instinct, so let us recreate—play—our music with our immortal musical Instinct. It is dormant in us all. Let the Virtuolo awaken it.

left fingers on the four Acsolo buttons to bring louds and softs and accent the solos. You take the time lever in your right thumb and forefinger; have your right ring-finger ready for the singing pedal button; close your eyes and play.

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But They Are

The Waitress at the Phoenix

"What's the matter, sweetheart?" the old whip drummer asked Kate the last Sunday in February. "You ain't larruping me as heavy as usual this morning!" Kate did not know what was the matter, there being so much she could not make it all out. The day before Jack Clardy had come in from the creek bottom to bring the eggs. the eggs.

Your ma sure is poorly," he told Kate. "Your ma sure is poorly, he told state."
"Bout all she does now is to kink up and cough." And as Mr. Clardy was retiring from the hotel kitchen, he paused, scratched his head to find the right words, then announced:

announced:

"As respects that there little thing we had on between us, I 'spec' we'd better done call it off, seeing as this here high city life what you've been living has sorter loosened your jist; and the owner of twelve acres of good bottom land can't afford to have no chinks in his underpinning these here hard times."

KATE smiled at this lover who had thrown her over. Then she said: "Well, so long, Jack Clardy!"

But Kate could not smile at the news of her mother's health which Jack Clardy had brought; and she could not help telling the young doctor about it, a few minutes afterward, when she met him in the hall. As Kate described her mother's symptoms, the young doctor's face grew serious. Then he seemed to become angry.

"We are not civilized—"
Kate, of course, did not understand what the young doctor meant. She had given a perfectly truthful answer to the old whip drummer. She did not know what the matter was, there being so much she could not make it all out. Luckily the cook had kept straight that Saturday night.

Sunday morning Kate did not have to beguile the drummers into eating sawdust for breakfast and lunch. But in the afternoon a wind started up in the northafternoon a wind started up in the north-west and proceeded to blow. It sounded like an unending pack of wolves; it felt like invisible needles; and it turned to stone every living thing it kissed, from the galloping creek in the bottom to de-crepit old dogs that were waiting for their spectral moon to rise.

THE drummers heard the wind and called for cordial. Mrs. Abernathy beamed. Served in the office, cordial was ten cents a glass. Kate brought the stuff in on a black tin waiter; and at every new waiterful of filled glasses she had to laugh for the drummers.

waiterful of hiled glasses sne nad to laugh for the drummers.

"Take a little yourself, child, and warm up!" Mrs. Abernathy invited.

But the young doctor had told Kate to let cordial alone, and she would not ac-cept Mrs. Abernathy's generous hospi-

The drummers, accordingly, got drunker The drummers, accordingly, got drunker and drunker with each new waiterful. Mrs. Abernathy got happier and happier with every new handful of wet dimes which Kate dropped on the counter. But Kate grew more and more troubled as the cold Sunday afternoon wore on. The wind howled round the Phænix Hotel; the drummers sang drunken songs in the office, and Mrs. Abernathy gladly cackled their chorus to make them keep on drinkoffice, and Mrs. Abernathy gladly cackled their chorus to make them keep on drinking; but in spite of all this heartless din of man and nature, Kate heard ma cough. Old Jack, the dog, was winding up his moon-beset life; Finis and Bet were shivering in the shed, and in spite of their lifelong antipathy they were rubbing up against each other to keep from freezing to death—Bet careful of her hors, Finis of his hoofs. Kate saw it all, heard it all, felt it all; for her heart was in the creek bottom as she laughed with the drummers.

THE wind stopped about sundown, as it frequently does in this inhospitable region. Then all the cold, which a mile-aminute wind had brought up, silently set forth to prise out and tear down and break up that which it had already killed. break up that which it had already killed. The drummers had gone down with the wind, one by one. Finally the last one staggered off to bed. And Mrs. Abernathy hastened back to the kitchen to countermand supper. There was nobody to feed except the crazy young doctor, and as he had not showed up for lunch there was every reason to suppose that he would not be there for supper. The cook, however, did not stand in need of Mrs. Abernathy's frugal notice. The cook had kept up with the drummers. Mrs. Abernathy locked up all the provisions, told Kate she had best go to bed and rest up for the Monday cleaning, then, as becoming one of the most influential women in town Mrs. Abernathy put on a becoming ing one of the most influential women in town, Mrs. Abernathy put on a becoming black dress and sallied forth to church in the Icelandic cold.

KATE did not go to bed, as her mistress had invited her. She went up into her little cutty, paced the floor to keep from freezing, then put on the whip drummer's furs and sallied forth—but not to church. Kate did not have any influence to bother about. She struck out for the creek hottom.

The sun in going down had not left a single blaze upon the sky. In the east a star gleamed like an icicle; and through all this frozen gray expanse of land and sky two living things only moved: Kate and a bedraggled crow which, mothlike, flew toward the icicle star—the only light it saw.

it saw.

Kate trod on, following a wood's path, her heart full of something she could not define—full of joy and sorrow intermingled, full of day and night, of hope and fear, full, in fine, of our gray human dusk life; and when at a turn of the wood's path she saw a human figure striding toward her, she broke out with a great: "Oh—" and then began to whistle. There was only one other human being in all the world who could walk the earth in that gray, bitter dusk:

"Where in the world are you going, Kate?"

SHE knew she should not have done it, but she could not talk and she had to do something.

Kate stopped in the path, threw back her head and laughed.

The young doctor frowned.

"Have you been drinking that cordial?" he inquired.

Kate's laughter ceased instantly. Overpowering mortification took possession of her heart.

She burst into tears, rocking her body

her heart.

She burst into tears, rocking her body from side to side. The young doctor came

"Forgive me," he said, simply. But he at his hand on her shoulder. Then he

asked:
"Were you on your way to see your
mother?" Kate nodded. "Well, I've been
with your mother all day—"
"How is she?" And the eagerness in
Kate's voice made the young doctor glad.
"Your mother has had a—" Then he

"Your mother has had a—" Then he paused to seek other channels of expression. "Your mother is in a bad way, Kate," he announced. "But I believe I can save her life." His hand being still on her shoulder, he felt the tremendous shiver that shot through her, and he was glad again.

The tremendous shiver meant tremendous gratitude. But tremendous gratitude is the most complete definition that can be given of a soul's deep feeling for another soul.

be given of a soul's deep feeling for another soul.

"I am going to take your mother out of that creek bottom," the young doctor went on. "I shall put her in my sanitarium, and—" He came to a halt again, as if searching the right expression. "Kate," he finally observed, his hand tightening on her shoulder, "do you know one thing—you would make a perfectly splendid nurse, and—and—I need a nurse."

Kate did not say a word.

"I already have fifteen nurses in my sanitarium," the young doctor went on, as if qualifying his statement for the sake of his own thoughts. "But I need you. I'm going to take you along with your mother and make a nurse out of you—That's all I am, a nurse."

Kate did not say a word.

"What do you think of all that?" he inquired. His hand was still on her shoulder. He felt her begin slowly to rock from side to side. "Well?" he repeated.

Her words may seem incongruous, but Kate had got used to saying them in her prayers:

"You'll let me keep on making up your

prayers:
"You'll let me keep on making up your bed?"

THE young doctor now rocked, too, his hand still on her shoulder. Kate knew what rocking meant.

She reached up and put her hand on his shoulder, as if to clinch the trade. And stars were witnesses.



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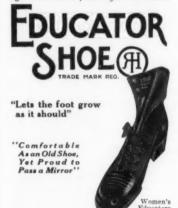
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Gleams

By EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

- ¶ In the evolution of religions, men are first turned into gods and then gods into
- Taith is the complement of knowledge.
- ¶ Man's mind may and will occupy itself not only with what is knowable, but with whatever is imaginable.
- Not knowledge, but fear, is the antithesis of faith.
- ¶ To the bravest come moments when voices whisper all around: "Surely there is something above and beyond!"
- It is a great consolation to remember that between us and the unknowable lies the vast region of the unknown.
- Of all things mankind has to bear un-certainty is found least bearable.
- ¶ One by one the veils that intercept our vision drop as we advance, yet never so fast that we can see much beyond our own
- The whole may know each part: the part can never more than guess at the whole.
- I Let us remember that our vision is limited, and that things do not cease to exist because they pass out of sight.
- No matter where we turn, the horizon recedes before us just as fast as we are moving toward it; no matter how long or how fast we live, to-morrow remains a day ahead of us: why should not this be so forever?
- ¶ Looking beyond this life, I am certain
 of one thing and no more: that immortality must be earned if it is to be had at all.
- ¶. One is enough to take life: two are needed to make it.
- All creation, whether spiritual or material, presupposes an intermingling of complementary principles.
- ¶ A woman often becomes irresistible to a man merely because she wants him re-gardless of her own reason.
- \P . The home is not so much an institution as a sentiment.
- ¶. We treasure home chiefly because there
 we find a last refuge for our vanities and weaknesses.
- Where there are ten to share the reward, there was one to do the work.
- Men whose souls are all but drowned in drudgery save themselves at times by clinging to a hobbyhorse.
- How can brains live when bound to tasks that require much attention and no tasks the interest?
- ¶ We wonder at Japanese dwarf trees. And yet we are quite clever ourselves in that line—witness the lap dog and the factory child.
- The child that has never learned how
 to play will never learn how to work.
- Persons who think the workingman narrow and selfish should remember that arrested mental growth is not the fault of the individual but a result of the con-ditions that produced him.
- ¶ To work for a living under present conditions is to gamble with fate for
- No more than man can woman submit to limitations not imposed by her individual nature.
- Woman's place is not necessarily in the home, but wherever she can feel at home.
- ¶ Through her motherhood woman will be forced to rise out of her age-long slavery, for it is as mother—and as mother only—that she shares the man's passion for ruling
- Work should be cheering as a song and tempting as a sin.
- The artisan works for his living while the artist lives for his work. At first through life to art our road is
- cast,
 That we may reach through art to life at last.
- Art is attar of life.
- Form is to art what sex is to love—the indispensable basis.
- Perhaps when it has filled its greater but nevertheless secondary purpose of making us see and hear and feel life, art may once more rest satisfied with pleasing only.

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The National School of Elocution and Oratory

A Mystery

(Concluded from page 11)

which has been 'dry' as a 'bone' for many

years."

J. R. Plattenburg of the Hancock County "Courier," New Cumberland, accepted Mr. "Trevitt's" offer. "Our rate for reading notices is five cents per line, and editorials ten cents per line." He hopes that everything will be satisfactory.

THE SOCIALIST WAS HONEST

THE SOCIALIST WAS HONEST

THERE are dozens of others, some refusing the use of editorial columns, and others accepting Mr. Trevitt's offer under stated conditions.

C. H. Boswell, editor of the "Labor Argus," wrote that the "Argus" was "strictly a Socialist paper, and it is against its policy to publish anything of a political nature for any price." His editorial columns, he said, were not for sale at any price.

columns, he said, were not for sale at any price.

Mrs. Livia Simpson-Poffenbarger, publisher of the "State Gazette" of Point Pleasant, writes:

"Our situation is such that we cannot well accept your proposition of the 6th inst., although we are opposed to the adoption of prohibition amendment to the State Constitution. We have never accepted any money from anybody for advocacy of any public measure or question or candidate. For about four years our paper has vigorously opposed prohibition and favored license, and our readers are very well informed on the subject. Should we see fit to discuss it further, we shall do so gratuitously, as we have done here-tofore."

Not a word of bitterness or uncharitableness, but true to her colors. What a tower of strength such an editorial column can be! Contrast it with another:

E. E. Hood, editor and general manager of the Fayette "Journal" of Fayetteville, which, he says, "is the organ of the Republican party here," accepts Mr. "Trevitt's" offer because he is "opposed on principle" to the amendment. His rates for "principle" are ten cents per line. Editorial matter he has never made a fixed charge for, "so that would have to be regulated in a manner mutually agreeable."

charge for, "so that would have to be regulated in a manner mutually agreeable."

H. L. Snyder, publisher of the Shepherdstown "Register," writes: "I would not let you have space for such a wicked and degrading purpose if you offered ten times this amount."

and degrading purpose if you offered ten times this amount."

The Mason "Republican" of Point Pleasant writes that "the saloons, distilleries, and breweries of West Virginia have not money enough to buy one inch of space in the Mason 'Republican' to advertise their nefarious traffic." W. H. Needham, general manager of the Register Publishing Company, of the same place, quotes Mr. "Trevitt" a price of four cents a line, per issue, either general news matter, or copy for editorial columns.

"The 'Advertiser' is for sale, plant and all," writes Alonzo C. Nelson, proprietor of the Alderson "Advertiser," "but its policy, prestige, and influence is not on the market—and especially not to the liquor interests. So long as I conduct the paper, it will be on the other side, and will fight for prohibition without any hope of finan-

for prohibition without any hope of financial remuneration."

SOME DECLINATIONS

JAMES R. COMBS, editor and publisher of the Piedmont "Independent," makes this offer:
"If you will give me \$2,000, \$1,000 when work begins, and \$1,000 when work is half done, will give you four columns on the first page . . . and will also help through my editorial columns to win a victory for you."

my editorial columns to win a victory for you."

"I cannot consistently sell my space to the whisky interests," wrote John T. Roger, editor and proprietor of the Tucker "Democrat," of Parsons.

John J. Cornell, editor of the Hampshire "Review" of Romney, "would be willing to publish a reasonable amount of matter of the character suggested," but not upon the conditions suggested. "Under no circumstances or for no money would I publish paid editorials, and at no price will I publish paid matter of any kind unless it is marked or published as advertisements. To do otherwise, in my judgment, would be practicing a fraud on our subscribers and readers."

The Glenville "Pathfinder" (J. J. Hendrick, editor) merely declines Mr. Trevitt's "flattering offer."

Out of seventy letters, there are less they to which was a propriet to sell the sevents of the sevent

Out of seventy letters, there are less than ten which unequivocally refuse to sell their columns. Collies hereby apologizes to the liquor interests, and takes off its hat to those editors of West Virginia who are incorruptible.







amel diesi surronndings. St. John's a rates a "John Log and diesi surronndings. St. John's Millitary academic catalogue and full particulars address.

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The Fall of the Young Turkish Party in Turkey

By REV. J. H. HOUSE, D.D.

THIS article is written by the director of the Thessalonica Industrial and Agricultural Institute of Salonica, Turkey. For nearly forty years Dr. House has been a missionary, first in Bulgaria and then in European Turkey, where he has been closely connected with all the changing fortunes of the European provinces of the Turkish Empire.

of the Turkish Empire.

O THOSE who have followed recent history in New Turkey the present revolt against the rule of the Party of Union and Progress, popularly called the Young Turkish Party, is one of the most interecting events of contemporary history. The tall of Said Pasha's Ministry at Constantinople on July 17 was the fall of that powerful organization which brought about the astounding revolution of July 23, 1908, which finally resulted, in the following year, in the dethronement of Abdul Hamid II, and in putting an end to the terrors of that bloody reign.

II, and in putting an end to the terrors of that bloody reign.

The régime of the Young Turks came in on the flood tide of open and universal professions of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity for all." Religion and race were to be disregarded in government. Moslems embraced as brothers both Christians and Jews, and Christians and Jews embraced Moslems, and all gave themselves up to a veritable riot of joy for days together. There was henceforth to be no distinction between citizens. All were to be "Ottomans."

It was not long, however, before it be-

distinction between citizens. All were to be "Ottomans."

It was not long, however, before it began to be observed that the use of the word "Ottoman" seemed to have much the same meaning in the mouths of the officials as that of the word "Moslem," and many began to wonder if the new "Huriet" (freedom) was not a scheme to put the "outs" "in," to put an end to the interference of the European powers in Turkey for the benefit of its Christian subjects, and, in a word, to rehabilitate Islam. The subject Christian races, in Macedonia at least, largely took this view. The real friends of Turkey, however, refused to believe that his was the whole explanation of the new régime. The semblance of constitutional government has been kept up for four years, and it is but just to the Committee of Union and Progress to say that the taste of freedom but just to the Committee of Union and Progress to say that the taste of freedom which it has given the country has changed the whole future outlook in Turkey. Few now believe that it would be possible to return again to the Hamidian rule. Freedom of speech and of the press, proclaimed at the very first, has never been entirely taken away; there has always been a greater safety in travel; more stress has been laid upon education; there has been a gradual trend toward the introduction of the discoveries of modern science, and the the discoveries of modern science, and the the discoveres of modern science, and the civilizing utilities which are founded upon them; the condition of Moslem women has been somewhat ameliorated and their power and influence recognized; the efficiency of the army has been greatly increased; in a word, Turkey under the Young Turkish Party has parted with the past.

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

THE Young Turks, however, missed a splendid opportunity. Having placed the well-disposed Mehmed V upon the throne, they might have guided with firm and friendly hand the campaign of education in freedom which they had inaugurated, insisting upon free discussion of principles. a just and equal application of the laws to all without distinction of race or religion, and an economical and right use of the resources of the country. This, however, was not the course pursued. They soon scented the spoils of power and were not slow to make hay while the sun shone. The old corrupt ways of the Hamidian régime again came into vogue shone. The old corrupt ways of the Hamidian régime again came into vogue in the courts of justice, in the army and in other high places. All opposition was punished with an iron hand. The Union and Progress Club, whose center of operations was the city of Salonica, deliberated with global devices and soon become the ations was the city of Salonica, deliberated with closed doors, and soon became the power behind the Chamber, the Ministry, and even the throne itself. Protests and complaints were met with the heavy hand of repression. So heavy has the hand of the committee been against the subject that the common saying among them the committee been against the subject races that the common saying among them now is that conditions are worse than under Abdul Hamid, as then there was one despot who sometimes could be circumvented or entreated, but now there are many, cruel and implacable.

It is indeed strange that the leaders of the Union and Progress Party should have supposed that they were strong enough to turn back the car of progress which they had started upon its course. The attempt at retrogression on the part of the party leaders alienated a large body of their own adherents, and that, of course, the best part, both of Moslems and Christians. But the leaders would brook neither advice nor opposition, and when the first Chamber of Deputies began to be troublesome they contrived a way to compel the Sultan to dissolve the Chamber. Then came the farce of the recent elections, when by gerrymandering the election districts, recording the votes of simple people without their authorization, and the use of brute force and intimidation, where other means failed, they swept the boards and came into the Chamber with an overwhelming majority, so that only the other day, just before the Ministry fells a vote of confidence in the Ministry was carried by 194 to 4. It was only two days later that the Ministry ceased to exist.

WHAT THE FUTURE MAY HOLD

WHAT THE FUTURE MAY HOLD

SUCH is the way in which the best elements of all faiths and races have been alienated. Army officers and Moslem citizens were assaulted, beaten, and some were even murdered. Some two years ago the high-spirited Albanians were antagonized by series of association according to the series of a series of astounding atrocties, committed against the most respected of their Beys as well as the common people, at the time of the disarming of the inhabitants. Bastinadoing, beating, imprisonment, and exile, all were used for the humbling of this proud people. Other races were civilarly proud people. Other races were similarly treated. It was, however, the alienation of the army that completed their folly. The little cloud that predicted the coming storm was seen when, on the 24th of June last, a battalion of soldiers near Monastir appropriated their field batteries, arms and army single propriated their field batteries, arms army single propriated their field batteries. last, a battalion of soldiers near Monastir appropriated their field batteries, arms and ammunition, and with £1,000 of the army's funds took off to the mountains together with their officers. This was serious. The full meaning of the situation was not discovered until the War Office tried to send an army of the garrison of the city of Monaster in pursuit. They were unwilling to go. Then the army of Smyrna with its officers and commander were found to be of the same mind, as were also those of Damascus. Matters were hushed up as far as possible, but the were also those of Damascus. Matters were hushed up as far as possible, but the position of the Minister of War, Mahmud Sefket Pasha, was impossible, and he resigned. The Ministry could find no one to take his place, and then came the ultimatum of the Military League. The Ministry must resign and the Chamber be dissolved. Again Macedonia was in the lead. It was the Military League of Salonica, Uskub, and Monastir, backed by 60,000 soldiers, that was dictating to Connica, Uskub, and Monastir, backed by 60,ooo soldiers, that was dictating to Constantinople. The Said Ministry, with
Hadji Adil Bey, Talaat Bey, Djavid Bey
and the rest, is a thing of the past. But
the demand was for a Ministry with Kaimil Pasha, the aged Liberal and friend of
England, as Grand Vizier. The Sultan, however, has made Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha Grand
Vizier with Kaimil as Foreign Minister. ever, has made Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha Grand Vizier, with Kaimil as Foreign Minister. Hussein Hilmi Pasha, the very able ex-Inspector General of Macedonia in Abdul Hamid's time, is another of the Ministers. It seems to be a patriotic coalition ministry, but the great question is, will it please the Military League? And if it does succeed in finding a way to dissolve the Chamber as the League demands, it is face to face with the gravest questions: a foreign war, a revolt in Albania, an empty treasury, and the unrest of nearly all the subject races. While if we look outside of the empire there are the avaricious eyes of two great powers, Austria and Russia, who have for years had a secret agreement as to their spheres of influence in Turkey. who have for years had a secret agreement as to their spheres of influence in Turkey. Then there is the entente cordiale between Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Greece, whose combined armies, if set upon the warpath together, could not be despised. All these things lend excitement to the situation in the Near East. If the new movement against the excess of the Young Turks is truly patriotic, the Military League will speedily ally itself with the New Liberal Party, and together they will set to work for a real reorganization of their country. Should, however, the Young Turkish Party rally its forces and make trial of its strength with the new Military League, civil war would be imminent, and any prophesy for the future would be rash.

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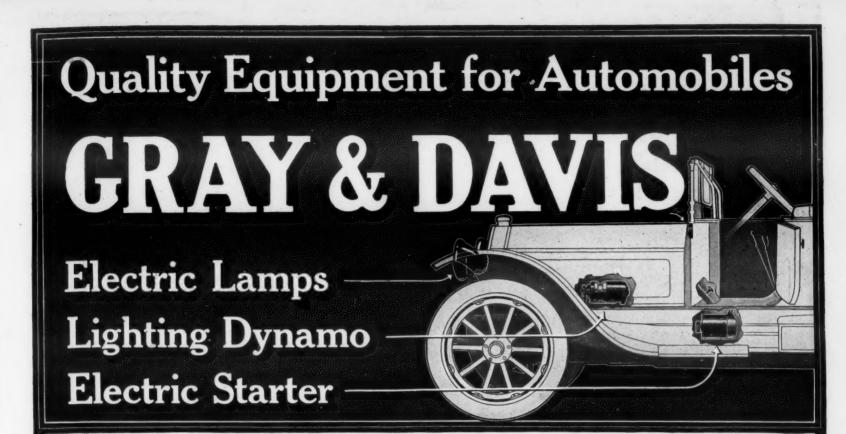
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